

GERALD FITZGERALD;

An Irish Tale.

BY ANN. OF SWANSEA,

AUTHOR OF

UNCLE PEREGRINE'S HEIRESS; CONVICTION; GONZALO DE BALDIVIA;
DEEDS OF THE OLDEN TIME; SECRETS IN EVERY MANSION;
WOMAN'S A RIDDLE; GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY, &c. &c.

“ The man who harbours enmity in his bosom, cherishes a serpent to sting himself.”

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.

1831.

GERALD FITZGERALD.

CHAP. I.

————— Let us away,
Devise the fittest time and surest way,
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. *As You Like It.*

.....
Alas! what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are to travel forth so far;
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. *Ibid.*

.....
But he t'at hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail. *Romeo and Juliet.*

.....
————— Were it not better,
Because that I am more than comely tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?

————— In my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fears there will,
We'll have a swashing and a martial outgird,
As many other mannish cowards do,
That do outface it with their semblances.
..... *As You Like It.*

You faint with wandering in the wood,
And to speak truth, I have forgot our way.
..... *Midsummer Night's Dream.*
This is a most gentle robber. *SCHILLER.*

THE moon had risen above the acacias,
and its bright beams silvered the rippling

waters of the Paglion, when two peasant-clad striplings departed with a melancholy air from the pleasant and hospitable cottage of Monica, who stood at the threshold, gazing after them with tears streaming from her eyes, as long as she could discern their forms, which every instant became less distinct; when they were no longer visible, she put up a prayer to Heaven for their safety, and mournfully returned to the bed-side of Philippe, whom uneasiness of mind, together with the pain of his foot and ankle, had made so feverish and restless, that his dotting mother became doubtful of her own skill to cure him, and determined on the following morning to procure advice from Nice. But Monica, in the midst of her alarm and grief, with true piety trusted in Heaven's goodness for assistance; she remembered how dutiful and affectionate a son Philippe had always been, and she fervently prayed that her widowhood might not be rendered more forlorn and destitute by losing him, the chief prop and support of her life: in Monica's devout petition, the fugitives who had just commenced their perilous journey

were not forgotten; she prayed that they might not be torn by wolves, nor assailed by the brigands, nor scorched by the tourmente-wind, nor buried beneath the tremendous avalanche. While yet on her knees, Monica beheld her son's eyes close and his gentle and regular breathing announced that he had fallen into a tranquil slumber; thankful for this favourable change, Monica hastened to put aside all indication and appearance that she had lodged strangers in her cottage; the pallet that had been occupied by Miss Lambart and Janet was put out of sight, and only her own and Philippe's remained in the same room beside each other: and well it was for the good woman that she took this precaution, for in the middle of the night she was startled, and roused from her bed, by a furious knocking at her door, and a peremptory demand for admittance.

Shaking in every limb, yet thankful to Heaven that the persons sought for were by that time far distant, she lit her lamp, descended the stairs, and admitted Burke and two men in the habit of monks, who

imperiously and authoritatively required that two nuns who had broken their vows, and escaped from their convent, Our Lady of Tears, should be instantly delivered up to them, who were deputed to seek for, and compel them to return to the performance of their religious duties, according to their vows.

Monica protested that no nuns had ever been harboured under her roof, and that no female except herself was within the walls of her cottage.

Burke, furious with disappointment, said the word of a heretic was not to be regarded, and insisted that every chamber and nook about the cottage should undergo their strict search; to which Monica at once assented, only beseeching them not by unnecessary noise to disturb her son, who lay very ill, she feared dangerously, as he had much fever upon him.

Burke muttered a malediction upon all heretics, and bidding the monks follow him, proceeded to the upper chambers; the floor of one was covered with olive-jars and unspun silk; the other chamber contained two pallets, on one lay Philippe,

whom the noise had awakened, and from the other Monica had just arisen. Raging and disappointed, Burke left no corner unexamined, while his colleagues in villainy artfully questioned Philippe and his mother; but fortunately they had been prepared for a visit from the priest, and made such guarded replies, as in no way confirmed or encouraged a belief that they had sheltered the persecuted Miss Lambart and her servant: but determined not to depart without being fully satisfied that they were not concealed upon the premises belonging to Monica, Burke insolently commanded her to light another lamp, and instantly lead the way to the fruit-house and hovels in the olive-ground and mulberry-plantations, particularly to the former, where the fruit, when gathered, was sheltered from the evening dew, and prepared and packed ready for sale.

To this requisition Monica ventured to object, on account of Philippe, who was too ill to be left alone.

This refusal raised suspicion in Burke's mind, who said her attendance was of no consequence. Snatching up the lamp, he

exclaimed—"Abominable heretic, remain—your company can be dispensed with—we can prosecute our search alone."

As Burke and the monks left the chamber, Monica, looking at Philippe, motioned him to be silent: moving softly across the room, she pushed back a sliding shutter, designed to give air, and afford a view of the olive-ground; from this aperture Monica saw that only Burke and one of the monks left the cottage. Gently closing the shutter, she approached Philippe, and held up two of her fingers, at the same time she pointed downwards, indicating that one of the party remained below to listen to their conversation.

Philippe readily took his mother's hint, and complained of being disturbed out of the only tranquil sleep he had enjoyed since his accident.

Monica expressed her concern, and bade him try to compose himself again.

But Philippe declared he had no inclination to sleep.—"I wonder," said he, "what could put it into the head of the priest, that runaway nuns would seek shelter with us, who can see the spires of no

less than five monasteries from our rice-ground."

"With us too, whom they call heretics," replied Monica; "nuns would be afraid to trust us in their affairs: but I hope," continued she, "the priest and his friends will be careful to fasten the gate at the bottom of the olive-ground, for if the goats get in, they will make fine work among the fruit, spoiling more than they devour."

Nothing more was said respecting the nuns or their pursuers, and Monica was putting a fresh poultice on her son's foot, when Burke again entered the chamber—"We are tired, hungry, and thirsty," said he, "and though it is not customary for persons of our persuasion to ask or accept refreshment from the hands of heretics, yet in peculiar circumstances, such as the present, urgent necessity will excuse our sin."

"Our gracious and Heavenly Father," replied Monica, "bountifully bestows corn, wine, and oil, and every rich gift, plentifully and ungrudgingly upon heretics as you are pleased to call us, and to partake freely

what is freely given, can never be accounted sin."

"Woman!" resumed Burke, "I shall not contradict your opinion, for on a mind blind and hardened in error as yours, argument would be lost—come down and administer to our necessities."

Ungraciously as this request was made, Monica thought it prudent to comply; and wishful for their departure, she hastened to place before them such food as her cottage afforded, to which she added fruit, and a flask of the mulberry wine she herself made.

Even while partaking of her hospitality, the crafty priest endeavoured to entrap her with his questions, among which he artfully asked, if she did not frequently see strangers boating up the river, or going to Drappo?"

"Truly not very often," replied Monica, "for I have other matters to employ my time and engage my attention, than watching the boats on the Paglion."

"But you admit you sometimes see them; you cannot avoid it, for the river can plainly be discerned from your door; and the road to Drappo is only separated by a hedge from your olive-ground."

"I do not pretend to say that I never see persons passing," said Monica, aware that this questioning was designed to throw her off her guard.

"And the travellers that you have seen within the last fortnight, were they young females, and which way did——"

"Possibly there might be young females among them," interrupted Monica, "for any thing I know, but when I see travellers pass along, I am neither so idle or so curious as to examine into their ages."

Burke perceived there was no intelligence to be obtained from Monica, who was either really ignorant, or pretended to be so, respecting the persons he was seeking after; he therefore drew forth his purse, and ostentatiously offered payment for what himself and his companions, the monks, had eaten.

"I do not keep a posado," said Monica, "declining the coin he offered, but if you consider yourself indebted to me, bestow relief on the first heretic you see in want, or that applies to you for charity."

Burke and the monks having left the

cottage, Monica thankfully made fast the door; and finding that Philippe slept, she retired to bed, but not before she earnestly prayed for the safety of those persecuted ones, who were wandering through perilous and unknown paths, without earthly aid or protection.

The moon was high in heaven, and chequered with silver light the path on the edge of a forest, along which two striplings were walking at a nimble pace.—“Are you not sadly tired with this long dismal way, ma’am?” asked the shorter and stouter of the two. “Oh dear, dear! that ever we should become night-walkers, and that in such lonely places; are not you frightened, ma’am?”

“For Heaven’s sake, Janet,” replied Miss Lambart, for disguised as peasant boys they had left Monica’s cottage, who having clothes laid by that her sons had outgrown, she had, with much persuasion, prevailed on Miss Lambart and her maid to put them on, believing they would pass along the road they had to travel, far more safely as boys than females. “For Heaven’s sake endeavour to forget for the pre-

sent that we are other than we seem; you know not what danger may lurk in these bushes: call me 'Henri,' continued Miss Lambart, in a whisper, and remember that your own name is François.

"I will try to remember," replied Janet; "but to speak the real earnest truth, I am so cruelly bewildered, I suppose it will not be proper to say frightened, at this travelling by night through such lonesome places, that it is no wonder, I am sure, that I forget, and say ma'am instead of sir: but you talked of danger lurking in the bushes—was it wolves or brigands you meant?"

"Neither," replied Miss Lambart, who saw the excited state of her companion's mind, and wished to compose rather than add to her fears, "I spoke of no actual danger, and let me beg of you do not give way to apprehension: in this open road, with the light afforded by the moon, we must be aware of the approach of an enemy, whether human or brute; therefore be of good courage, and remember it is disgraceful in a man to be a coward."

"Very true—I dislike cowardly men very much—but then, before you blame me

for being afraid, you ought to remember I have not yet had time to learn the courage, which to be sure should belong to my dress. Oh, mercy upon us! what is that?" continued Janet, starting; "I am sure I heard a rustling under the branches of that tree."

"It is only the wind," returned Miss Lambart; "take courage, and rejoice in the thought that we have escaped our persecutors, and that early in the morning we shall reach Escarene, the extremity of the valley of Nice, and there we may consider ourselves in safety."

"I wish, from the bottom of my heart, we were in safety," said Janet, with a deep sigh; "but, goodness be praised! we are leaving the forest behind us."

Having entered on the road they believed led to the village where they were to rest during the heat of the day, Janet cast a wistful look on the basket she carried on her arm, which the kind-hearted Monica had stored with provisions, to cheer and support them on the road, and said—"If you please, mounseer Henri, I am getting

monstrous hungry, and I should think it must be supper-time."

"Here then, on this mossy bank, let us seat ourselves, and examine the contents of our basket," replied Miss Lambart; "I am not hungry, but I am very thirsty, and shall be glad to refresh myself with a few mulberries."

Janet's appetite craved for more substantial food; spreading a napkin white as snow, with which Monica had covered the contents of the basket, on the bank, she produced a roasted pheasant, Turin ham, rice cakes, figs, mulberries, and a flask of Monica's delicious wine.

"How thankful we ought to be to Heaven for this bountiful supply!" said Miss Lambart, clasping her white hands, and devoutly elevating her eyes to the star-spangled sky.

"I am very thankful," replied Janet, cramming her mouth full of ham and rice cake; "they know how to cure hams at Turin, as well as we do at home: this is as good-flavoured as any I ever ate in my life: I am sure I am very thankful."

"And so shall I be," said a tall man, ha-

bited as a hunter, who suddenly stepped from under the shade of a tree that grew at a little distance from the bank; "I am hungry and thirsty, and shall be most thankful if you will permit me to partake your supper."

Miss Lambart, in silent terror, started from her seat, but Janet shrieked aloud, crying—"We are dead, killed, and murdered."

The stranger laughed heartily.—"By the saints, boy," said he, "you would shew me a valiant pair of heels, if you only knew where to bestow yourself! you would most manfully run away, if you were not afraid of being alone: but sit down—I am not an ogre, to swallow you at a mouthful, nor the devil, to carry you away in a whirlwind. Be seated, young men," continued he, gazing on them with an eye of curiosity, "and pardon my intrusion. Sit down and take your meal, of which I beg leave to share."

Miss Lambart sat down, and with all the courage she could command, assured the stranger he was welcome. Janet also sat down as she was commanded, but fear had entirely taken away her appetite, for though

there was nothing in the look, voice, or dress of the intruder, to create alarm, her exaggerating fancy converted him at once into a fierce and terrible brigand, one of the troop, she remembered Monica had said, infested the passes of the Col di Tende. Miss Lambart, though her heart trembled, appeared more collected, and repeating a welcome to the stranger, she requested he would help himself to what he liked best of their humble fare.

“Humble do you call it,” said the stranger, taking a large knife from a case in his bosom, and dexterously slicing off a wing and leg of the pheasant; “a roasted pheasant would grace the table of a prince, and tickle the palate of an epicure.”

Having nearly satisfied his hunger, the stranger observed—“It is not usual to meet so young a pair as you, travelling together, at past midnight. May I inquire whither you are going?”

“To Escarene,” replied Miss Lambart.

The soft sweet tone of her voice again drew the eyes of the stranger to an examination of her face, as he repeated, in some surprise—“To Escarene!”

"We are strangers in this part of the country,—are we in the right road?"

"I am going to Escarène myself," replied the stranger, "and will repay your hospitality with being your guide."

Miss Lambart felt no gratitude for this proposal; she neither approved nor desired to be conducted by a person who had so unexpectedly and with such freedom intruded himself into their company; but seeing it impossible to decline, she thanked him for his offer, observing at the same time, she was fatigued and unacquainted with the road.

"It is well then," replied the stranger, "that you have fallen in with me; for had you followed the path that verges to your left hand, you might have met with persons not disposed to let you pass, without examining what valuables you carried about your persons."

"Brigands!" exclaimed Miss Lambart, turning pale.

Brigand was a word of horror to Janet, who fearfully repeated it, at the same time clinging to Miss Lambart, and saying—
"Oh, my dear mis—mas—mounseer Henri,

I mean, this man, this brigand, will he murder us, or what will he do with us two poor helpless souls?"

"This is your servant, I suppose," said the stranger to Miss Lambart, "and your name is——"

"Henri," replied she, "and my follower's François."

"Two well-chosen names," returned the stranger: "you are really a pair of pretty youths," glancing from the mistress to the maid, with a smile upon his lip that made Miss Lambart blush, and hang down her head:—"but at Escarene," continued he, "you certainly can have no intention to remain, for the village consists of only a miserable posado, and a few wretched huts, inhabited by the very poorest class of peasants: you seem to have far better breeding than can belong to such people: you do not mean, I am convinced, to make any stay at Escarene."

Alarmed at his curiosity, Miss Lambart, losing her self-possession, answered, "No, no, we do not intend to stay longer than to rest ourselves: we have no friend or acquaintance at Escarene."

"In truth, I guessed as much," said the

stranger "but whither from thence, my pretty boy?"

"I know not why you so strictly question me," replied Miss Lambart; "but you must pardon me for saying, I should give you just cause to suspect my prudence, were I to admit a stranger to my confidence."

"I do suspect you are of a rank in life far above your garb," returned the stranger; "some self-willed runaway, to whom I should do a real service, did I arrest your flight, and convey you back to——"

"Oh, Heaven have mercy on me!" exclaimed Miss Lambart, "have I again fallen into the hands of an emissary of the church? Oh, have pity on me!" said she, dropping on her knees before him; "do not deliver me to the power of the savage Burke! do not drag me to a convent! though I am what you call a heretic, have compassion on me!"

Janet, seeing her mistress on her knees, and hearing the detested name of Burke, snatched up the stranger's knife, and placing herself beside her mistress, vowed she would stab him to the heart, if he but laid a finger upon her.

The stranger laughed at Janet's inflamed

countenance and menacing action, though he did not understand her language; wresting the knife from her hand, he quietly placed it in the sheath from which he had drawn it; then raising Miss Lambert from the earth, he courteously reseated her, saying—"From me you have nothing to apprehend: compose your spirits, and be assured I abhor priests and convents with a bitter and irreconcilable hatred. Superstition and bigotry have blighted my hopes—destroyed my happiness and me: but no matter! Answer me truly—is it the persecution of the church you fly from?"

"Alas, yes!" replied Miss Lambert; "the furious zeal for making proselytes, the duplicity and cruelty of a priest, have driven me forth, a midnight wanderer, with this my faithful and attached follower: we fly to avoid being immured in a cloister: we are not of this country, but have been forcibly detained in it, where we have suffered much persecution, to induce us to renounce the faith we were bred in, and become Catholics."

"And whither and to whom are you flying?" inquired the stranger, in a voice

of sympathy; "do not fear to trust me; I have some influence in this country; and humble as I seem, possess the power to be of service to you."

"We seek the protection of monsieur St. Albe, whom we are instructed to seek at his casa, in the valley of Cemenus: we have chosen the road that winds round the bottom of the Col di Tende, to escape the dangers we were likely to meet in crossing the mountains."

"You have done wisely," replied the stranger, "though you have chosen a road of greater length: the valley of Cemenus is fertile and beautiful; monsieur St. Albe is noble-hearted, generous, and kind to all who seek his aid: he is a gentleman to whom the unfortunate never sue in vain."

"And his lady, madame St. Albe," asked Miss Lambart, "does her character resemble that of her husband?"

"She," replied the stranger, "is as much an angel as any creature of earth can be; she had once a sister, young, innocent, and lovely; and she became a sacrifice to blind superstition and unfeeling bigotry: sweet victim! thy tears and supplications were

unheeded: but I must not think of her," said the stranger, wiping away the drops of perspiration that strong emotion had hung upon his forehead: "come, boy, let me taste your wine."

Janet did not understand what he wanted, and when her mistress repeated his request, it was with a grudge she handed him the flask.—"This is woman's drink," resumed he, having merely moistened his mouth with it; "this will not inspire you with courage to defend your master, should he be attacked by the brigands." That terrific word, so well understood by Janet, never failed to agitate and discompose her; and it was with shaking fingers she collected the fragments of their supper, and placed them in her basket.

"You will obtain good wine and clean straw at Escarene," said the stranger; "but I much doubt whether the posado can produce any food that will be palatable to those who have been used to rice cakes and roasted pheasants."

Pursuing their way, in company with the stranger, Miss Lambart kept as much as it was possible in the shade of the trees,

that here and there hung across the road, for she observed that whenever an open space permitted the moon to shine full upon her person, the eyes of the stranger were turned upon her with a gaze of curiosity, which made her fear he suspected her sex : but whatever were his thoughts, he made no remarks to distress her delicacy, nor had she any reason to complain of his want of courtesy in any particular ; for he adapted his pace to hers, told her many surprising anecdotes, and related various romantic and perilous adventures, that had happened to himself and others, in the mountains of the Col di Tende, when wolf-hunting. The conversation of the stranger was animated, and sometimes refined ; his descriptions were vivid, and placed the circumstances he related before the eyes of Miss Lambart, who listened with a conviction that his understanding had received the cultivation of superior education.

But while Miss Lambart was regardless of the length of the way, Janet, who could not participate in the pleasure of the stranger's narrations, became cross and footsore, and in a peevish tone, asked if the village

they were to stop at was at the end of the world? At length she stumbled and fell, and having met a trifling hurt, she began to weep and sob piteously, saying she could go no farther, and that she might as well die where she was, as be torn by the wolves or stabbed by the brigands. The word brigand struck on the ear of the stranger, and he inquired what the boy said? Miss Lambart having translated Janet's speech, he snatched her from the earth, and throwing her across his shoulder, walked on as unconcerned as though her weight did not encumber him in the least. Janet kicked and screamed with all her might; but the stranger never slackened his pace, or regarded her cries, till, at Miss Lambart's entreaty, he placed her on her feet; having now received a lesson, she walked on, weeping and sobbing, but afraid to give her displeasure words. Forgetful that she did not understand French, the stranger said—“Why, any one would believe you are a girl, rather than a boy: those tears and sobs are a disgrace to manhood; fie upon it! do not be so cowardly; if those terrible fellows the brigands were to appear, they would

treat you the worse for being such a coward."

Miss Lambart prayed earnestly though mentally that they might never meet with those dreaded robbers, of whose savage ferocity and lawless habits she had heard such terrible accounts, as made her nerves shudder, and her heart sink with apprehension. Another hour brought the travellers in sight of the village of Escarene; and glad was Miss Lambart when the stranger pointed out to her the posada, wretched as it appeared, to which they were welcomed by the yelling throats of two enormous wolf dogs, who glared fiercely on Miss Lambart and Janet, and seemed ready to fasten on them, till spoken to by the stranger, on whom they fawned, licking his hands and crouching at his feet. The uneasiness of Miss Lambart and Janet was not dissipated by the appearance of the host, a man of frightful aspect, whose face was disfigured by scars, and who halted as he walked, from some defect in his hip. The host saluted the stranger with—"Welcome, noble captain; have you had good sport?" eyeing askance his wearied companions.

The stranger drew him aside, and having

spoken to him in a low voice, the host nodded his head in token of obedience, and advancing to the young travellers, civilly desired them to follow him. They were conducted through a large smoky room, that smelt of garlic and tobacco, where the heat was almost suffocating; from this disgusting place they passed to a garden, where sallad and potherbs were alone cultivated, to another apartment, which the host told them was their bed-chamber, as long as they remained at the posado, being a private room set apart from the house, on purpose for the accommodation of persons of rank and distinction. Miss Lambart looked round her in dismay; there was a crazy table, that had a broken leg, standing in the middle of the room, a long wooden bench was placed beside it, and at the upper end of the room was a large heap of straw, with a tolerably clean blanket thrown over it; this, the host said, was a bed prepared for the captain, but he resigned it to them.

The host having departed, Miss Lambart sunk on the wooden bench, and covering her face with her hands, to conceal her tears,

gave way to the emotion which, during their long and fatiguing walk, she had with difficulty restrained.

"Do pray be comforted," said Janet; "this is but a sorry bed for you, to be sure, ma'am," looking sorrowfully at the straw; "but even this, after walking all night, is better than none at all."

"True, true, my good Janet," replied Miss Lambart, with an angelic smile of patient acquiescence; "and I am truly thankful that it will afford our wearied limbs the rest of which we stand so much in need; and more than all, I am thankful that we have reached the end of the valley of Nice, for here, I should suppose, we are safe from the pursuit of our dreaded enemy, Burke."

"For which, tired and sore as my poor feet are," I rejoice from the very bottom of my heart," said Janet; "but before we lie down, do let me try to fasten the door, which has neither lock, bolt, nor bar, for I protest, ma'am, I never saw any body in my life look so like one of the brigands, as that man with his face all seams and puckers."

Miss Lambart recollected her magnificent chain, and was about to remove it from her

neck, to conceal it under the straw, when the host, pushing open the door, appeared with wheaten bread, eggs, cheese, and a large flagon of spiced wine. — “The captain,” he said, “had sent the gentlemen something for breakfast—the best the house afforded just then; and would, if it was quite agreeable, come and take a mouthful with them.”

Miss Lambart would much rather have courted the refreshment of sleep, but fearing to offend a person who seemed to have such influence in the posado, she bade the host say to the captain, she was much obliged by his attention, and would be glad to see him. The sun had risen, and his glorious beams shone on the naked walls of the wretched apartment. Remembering how the stranger had scrutinized her features by moonlight, Miss Lambart bade Janet draw the table to the darkest corner of the room.

“It will seem very odd, ma’am,” said Janet, “and may make him suspect something; you had better pretend you have the headache, and let me bind this coloured handkerchief upon your forehead.”

This advice was too judicious to be rejected; and Miss Lambart had just time to conceal her redundant ringlets, and snowy forehead, when the captain came to breakfast. Miss Lambart had now an opportunity of seeing his face, for he threw aside his hunting-cap, from the left side of which hung a sable plume, that had thrown his features into shadow: by moonlight the slightrness of his form, and the elasticity of his step, had deceived her into a belief, that he was by many years a younger man than he now appeared; but still he had large expressive eyes, fine teeth, and a ruddy though deep olive complexion; he was tall and well formed, and his flexible limbs seemed to unite strength and grace.—“I have sought this interview,” said the captain, “to assure you that you may remain here in perfect safety, as long as fatigue or convenience shall render it necessary to prolong your stay: supposing you may wish to pursue your journey on mules, I have made inquiry, and find they may be hired at a village four leagues from this; but Roberto, our host, cannot go for them, for his lameness will not permit him to walk so

far, and he has no person he can send: if you decide on going to the village yourselves, on this paper," said he, drawing one from his vest, "you will find the road accurately set down; and having left the village, the route you must afterwards pursue to Cemenus.

Miss Lambart thankfully accepted the paper.

"Business of importance," continued the captain, "calls me to a different part of the country, or I would have conducted you to the village, and seen you on your way to Cemenus. With your permission, François, I will take a few of your figs," without ceremony dipping his hand into the basket, and helping himself to two or three; he then poured out a cup of the spiced wine, which he drank to their health, wishing them a safe and pleasant journey to the casa St. Albe.

"Before I depart," said the captain, resuming his cap, "I once more assure you, uncouth as Roberto appears, you have nothing to apprehend while under his roof; and now farewell. Heaven be your guard!" As he spoke, he shook the small white

hand of Miss Lambart, which trembled in his ; then repeating, "Heaven be with you !" he hastily departed.

Miss Lambart was much interested by this stranger ; he had a kind and friendly, though free manner, and she would have been glad to have his protection to the village, whither she decided on going, for she considered the walking four leagues as nothing, when compared with the thirty, which, without mules, she must painfully traverse, with the additional torment of hearing Janet murmur and complain.

Resolving to pursue her journey in the evening, she prepared to seek the repose the straw bed offered. There being no fastening of any sort to the door, Janet placed the table against it, and lifted upon that the heavy wooden bench : but no such precaution was necessary, for, reclined on their humble pallet, they slept as soundly and tranquilly as if they had reposed on a bed of down in the mansion of the baroness Wandesford.

It was about seven in the morning when they went to rest ; and when Miss Lambart opened her eyes, it still appeared early

day : on the tall shrubs that waved before the lattice, drops of rain hung heavily ; not feeling inclined to sleep, she rose from her lowly bed, and having performed her morning orisons, giving thanks for past blessings, and supplicating future protection and support, she removed the barricade from the door, and looking out, perceived Roberto at a distance ; she beckoned him, and inquired the hour.

“ It is within a few minutes of seven,” replied Roberto, “ and I am glad to find you have had such a comfortable sleep : nineteen hours upon a stretch is not so bad.”

“ Nineteen hours ! you astonish me ; can it really be possible that we have slept so long ?”

“ Ay, truly is it,” said Roberto ; “ youth, health, and a good conscience, are famous promoters of sleep. I knocked at the door about noon yesterday, but getting no answer, I thought it was best not to disturb you ; for after long travel, rest is better than food, so I did not wake you.”

“ You did right,” replied Miss Lambart ; “ when the body is fatigued, rest is better

than food : I feel refreshed and well, after my long and undisturbed sleep."

"Did not the storm wake you?" asked Roberto; "by the mass, I never heard louder thunder! it shook the walls till I expected the house would tumble about my ears; but it passed away, without doing any damage, and the rain that has fallen will do the earth good: but I suppose," continued he, with a smile, that made his face look more hideous, "I suppose you feel a little bit peckish after your long fast, and in rummaging up some old stores this morning, I found a canister of right Mocha coffee; it belonged to a traveller that brought it with him from Arabia, so it is sure to be genuine; and yonder are the goats. Come along, Suzette," bawled he to the girl that was milking them; "make haste, that the gentlemen may have breakfast, for I should think they are hungry enough by this time."

Roberto limped away to hasten Suzette, who seemed in no hurry to obey the orders of her father. Miss Lambart having refreshed herself with the pure water that

ran close by the door, went to wake Janet, who, with much difficulty, was made sensible that it was time to rise; stretching, yawning, and rubbing her eyes, she was scarcely to be persuaded, that she had slept so many hours.

Having made a comfortable breakfast on Roberto's coffee, new laid-eggs, and wheaten bread, Miss Lambert would gladly have set out for the village where the mules were to be hired; but the rain continued to fall; and as she was obliged to remain at the posado till the weather changed and permitted her to travel, she began to fear the trifling sum of money Monica had been able to supply her with, would not be sufficient to defray their expences at the posado, and how they were to proceed on their journey when it was all expended, she knew not. While anticipating the inconvenience, if not actual want they should have to encounter, Janet perceiving the mulberries were decaying, thought it necessary to remove them from the basket; taking off the leaves with which they were covered, she saw a small leather bag; uttering a joyful

c 3.

cry, she exclaimed—"As I am a Christian, here is gold!"

Miss Lambart found in the bag more coin than she supposed it possible she could expend on her journey to the valley of Cemenus; lying at the bottom was a small billet, addressed to Henri—"This is the gift of the generous stranger—how shall I ever repay him?" said she, opening the billet and reading—"I could not wound your delicacy with offering money, which I suspect you are in want of, being distant from your own country, and flying from persecution; use without scruple what I can well spare; and in your prayers to Heaven, remember Giuesppe."

"How my thoughts have wronged this man!" said Miss Lambart.

"And mine too," returned Janet; "mercy forgive me! for all his good looks, I took him for a brigand, and was terrified to death at him, especially when he snatched me up, just as if I had been a lamb going to be slaughtered, and threw me across his shoulders, with the strength of a giant. Oh dear, dear! I would have given my life for a farthing."

"I wish we could procure a messenger to bring the mules from the village; the rain should not prevent me from proceeding; but as it is," said Miss Lambart, looking up at the heavy clouds, "we must have patience."

Janet found no difficulty in having patience; she thought another night's sleep was necessary to enable her to encounter the fatigue of their journey.—"The rain seems in no hurry," said she, "to give over. It is very dull to stay cooped up here. Yet as long as we have no thunder nor lightning, we may content ourselves, and get our feet in order against we set off."

"There was a fearful storm last night, Roberto told me, but happily the thunder did not wake us."

"Goodness make me thankful!" said Janet; "if I had heard it thunder, I should not have slept a wink; but only think, ma'am—mounseer Henri I mean—if there should be no mules to be had at the village, when we get there, we shall have a long walk for nothing, besides being four leagues out of our way."

"For pity's sake," replied Miss Lambart,

“do not anticipate disappointment: we must run the hazard. Hitherto our journey has been most fortunate.” Let us put our trust in Providence.”

At noon Roberto brought them roasted kid, and fresh-gathered salad, to which he added a dessert of strawberries and pomegranates, a fruit Janet had never seen, and which she so much admired, as to wish it grew in their own dear Ireland.—“But what need I care about that?” said she, mournfully; “I shall never see my own country again, that is for certain. I shall die here, among the mounseers and ‘marmasels, in this foreign French land; and there will be no wake—nobody to cry over my poor desolate corpse; but I shall be thrown into the ground like a dead cat, as if I had not a relation or a friend in the world, to sing a lament over me.” This thought was too affecting for the sensibility of Janet, who, in spite of the brighter hope Miss Lambart endeavoured to inspire, wept and bewailed her hard fate till she again fell asleep.

Miss Lambart’s strong faith and confidence in the protection of her heavenly Fa-

ther, prevented her falling into those fits of despondency that shook and assailed the weaker mind of Janet; but as she sat pensively watching the plashing rain swelling the rivulet that ran beside the house, till it overflowed its banks, melancholy thoughts of her far-distant home—of the baroness Wandesford, and all her dear absent friends, filled her heart with sorrow and her eyes with tears: she remembered that Mr. Dorrington had promised to visit Ireland, and was perhaps at that very moment listening to the strange history of her being forced away, while the earl of Vandeleur, secure from detection, and rejoicing in his guilt, was pretending sorrow for the evil he had himself contrived. “Dear lady Stella Egerton, how sanguine were your hopes of the impression I should make on the heart of this interesting young man! but, alas! I shall see him no more,” sighed Miss Lambert; “the happiness of being beloved by Mr. Dorrington is not for me—his affection is reserved for one more fortunate.” While indulging in these melancholy reflections, a gleam of sunshine darted through the lattice, and in spite of the gloomy tendency of

her thoughts, and though not inclined to believe in omens, her heart was sensible of a momentary hope.—“There is nothing impossible,” said she, a faint smile irradiating her pensive countenance: “let me not sinfully doubt, for Infinite Wisdom will, I am certain, do for me whatever is right and good: though we are now far distant from each other, we may meet again, and I may be allowed to consider Mr. Dorrington my friend; I may witness his happiness, and teach my repining spirit to be content.”

The evening becoming fair, and Miss Lambart feeling sufficiently refreshed to pursue her journey, thought it would be wrong to waste time in listless inactivity. Should the following day prove fine, she knew the heat would be intolerable to them, unaccustomed to travel, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun: by setting off immediately, that inconvenience would be avoided, and she trusted they should meet some place of shelter before morning; besides, though assured of safety by the generous Gieseppe, she beheld the lonely situation of the posado with suspicion, and shrunk with terror from the disfigured

countenance of Roberto, and the coarse manly-featured Suzette, whose strong, brawny frame had nothing feminine in its appearance except her clothes. These unpleasant reflections determined the fair wanderer to proceed : the sky looked clear, and seemed to promise a cool and pleasant evening. Janet, forgetting her fatigues and troubles, was soundly sleeping, when Miss Lambart roused her to prepare for their departure. The poor girl neither liked to stay nor go : she talked of the dangers of the night ; of the hungry wolves that might devour them ; but being reminded that they seldom visited public roads, and that as soon as they arrived at the village, they should procure mules, and a guide for the remainder of their journey, she closed up the basket, and with a doleful look, observed—"To be sure, they should not shorten the way by remaining where they were ; and that there was nothing tempting in a straw bed, or in any thing, or person, at that miserable posado ; and that it was true the sooner they began the road, the sooner they should reach the end of it."

While Janet wisely and eloquently set-

tioned this point with herself, Miss Lambart removed some coin from her purse, and having told Roberto that she should take advantage of the cool evening to proceed, she inquired what she had to pay?

"The large sum of nothing," said Roberto, with one of his frightful smiles.

Supposing he was jesting, she placed some money before him, and bade him name his demand.

"Put up your money, youngster," said Roberto; "the captain will settle all; I have his command, as long as it is your pleasure to remain here, to treat you with the very best I can procure, and to charge nothing."

"I am grateful for the captain's kindness," replied Miss Lambart, "but do not choose to encroach upon his generosity. I pray you, good Roberto, suffer me to pay you for what myself and follower——"

"I dare not disobey the captain's orders," interrupted Roberto; "he is a noble kind gentleman when nothing ruffles his temper; but only dispute or disobey his orders, and he is——No, youth," pushing the money from him, "put up your money; the cap-

tain, long life and merry days to him, can well afford to stand treat; in a few minutes only, at the expence of two or three words, he can possess himself—but no matter for that, I suppose you know all about Giuesppe?”

“No,” replied the alarmed and astonished Miss Lambart, “I know nothing.”

“What the devil, not know the history of captain Giuesppe?” said Roberto; “I thought you had been old friends.”

“Our acquaintance began——”

“Ay, ay,” interrupted Roberto, “in the usual way, I suppose: well, fair weather and a pleasant evening. Attend you, my pretty lads—farewell; to the left hand lies your way to the village; keep straight on till you come to the Raven Defile; then take the upper side, which will bring you to the heath of Coni; at the end of the heath you will see a stone cross, and near it three roads; mind to take the upper one, if you hope to get supplied with mules, and desire to arrive safe at Cemenus.”

Miss Lambart thanked Roberto for his attention, and returned his farewell.

At a short distance from the posado they

found Suzette milking her goats; Miss Lambert, accepted the milk she good-naturedly offered; herself and Janet having drank, she dropped a crown into the hand of the astonished peasant, who exclaimed—“Who ever could expect that a draught of goat’s milk would fetch such a price!” then looking at the coin to convince herself it was good, she fell on her knees, and prayed the Virgin and the saints to protect them from all harm, and to bring them in safety to their journey’s end.

When they had gone forward a few paces, Suzette called after them, and running up, said—“If you should by chance meet on your way, a tall red-haired young man, with bushy whiskers, who has lost his two front teeth, and the thumb from his left hand, give Suzette of Escarene’s love to him, and tell him she desires he will put you on your way; give him this token,” presenting an ebony cross, “which he will remember was his own gift to me; and I am sure if any one should attempt to molest you on the road, Jaques will defend you for my sake.”

Thanking Suzette, and bidding her

adieu, Miss Lambart, as she walked on, explained to Janet what the girl had said, who gladly fastened the cross to her neck, superstitiously believing it was an amulet, that would preserve her from wolves and brigands.

At the close of evening, the moon shone out in all her splendour; the flowering shrubs that grew on the road sent forth delicious odours, while, concealed beneath their fragrant blossoms, the nightingales warbled their vesper hymns.

"This is a strange country altogether," observed Janet; "why if I was only to tell half what I have seen and heard here, I should be laughed at—nobody in Ireland would believe that the birds sing at night as loud and as lively as if it was noonday."

"The birds you hear," replied Miss Lambart, "are called nightingales, and they are not unknown in Ireland, though they are not so frequently heard there as in France, and other warmer climates."

"Blessings upon Ireland!" said Janet, "there is no want of birds there of any sort; my heart longs to be sitting under the hawthorn hedge, in my mother's little bit

of a field, and listening to their merry chirping."

"And yet, Janet, I recollect you used to say, if you could once get away from that dull place, you would never wish to return to it again."

"Yes, I know I have been so foolish as to say so," replied Janet, sighing; "but I remember when the butler at Lisburn Abbey was teaching me to write, I had a copy, "*Experience makes fools wise*," and sure enough so it does, for I have found out that home is home, let it be ever so homely; and I recollect too, when lady Stella Egerton's maid took leave of me, I envied her because she was going to France, for I forsooth wanted to see the world and foreign parts; but I am now punished for having such wicked rambling thoughts, and not being satisfied with my own country; mercy help me, I have now seen too much of the world; and if I could once more set my foot in dear Ireland, I would be content to live there all the days of my life, on butter-milk and potatoes, rather than have the greatest dainties with these French mounseers and marmasels; my poor mo-

ther used to hate all these outlandish foreigners, and I am just for all the world like her in that particular, for I can never abide them."

Miss Lambart suffered Janet to rail against the country and the people uninterrupted, for her own thoughts had wandered to Lisburn Abbey, the home of her infancy, where she was shielded with paternal care from every danger, by the baroness Wandesford, when her days passed smoothly and happily, for every wish her young heart formed was indulged, and she saw only the smiling faces of attached friends, heard only the voice of kindness; alas! how different now her situation, a houseless wanderer—a stranger in a land of strangers—how sadly changed her state from that,

*"When pleasure pleas'd, for life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd—what the fancy drew."*

Now what did her heart promise? not the society of dear friends—not the blessings of mutual love—not connubial happiness, for she did not dare believe she was destined to be the bride of Dorrington; she scarcely could indulge a hope of again beholding

the shores of green Erin; but she mentally prayed that whatever were her disappointments in this life, she should be enabled to bear them with Christian patience; and that however severe the trials she had still to undergo, she might, in the midst of distress and suffering, look forward with humble confidence for her reward, in that brighter, better world, where sorrow is lost and forgotten in the plenitude of felicity.

To Janet the silence and savage wildness of the defile they were entering upon, was terrible; in every jutment of rock, her fancy beheld a brigand, armed with sabre and carbine; and while she trembled with the expectation of hearing the dreadful command of "*stand and deliver*," she wondered how Miss Lambart could feel so calm as to repeat—

" All heaven and earth are still, though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most—
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :
All heaven and earth are still : from the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake, and mountain coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.
Not vainly did early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak

*Of earth-o'er-gazing mountains, and thus take
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
 The spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak
 Uprear'd of human hands. • Come and compare
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
 With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayers."*

"Oh dear, ma'am.—I beg pardon for my blunder—mounseer Henri, I mean to say—pray do not be so profane as to speak verses out of poetry books, in this wild-looking desolate place; pray do think how lonesome it is. Mercy upon us, miserable creatures!" said she, coming close to Miss Lambart, "look there," pointing to a tree that stood in the chasm of a rock, and had been scathed with lightning; the tree stood bare and leafless, spreading wide its two remaining branches to the moon, which threw a pale shadowy light over it; "look there," repeated Janet.

"I see only a blighted tree," said Miss Lambart; "I beseech you, do not yield to fears that only your own weak imagination creates; look boldly at the object of your alarm, and you will be convinced it is what I tell you; do not hang back thus, but quicken your pace; we are now coming near the path which my instructions say, leads to the heath, at the extremity of

which stands the stone cross, where the three roads diverge." But Janet did not attend to her mistress; she could not divest her mind of the fear that possessed it, though her straining eyes were fixed on the tree, for her fancy gave it the form of Lemain; in the wildness of terror, she forgot she was approaching nearer to it, and believing it advanced to meet her, she shrieked repeatedly, and uttering the name of Lemain, fell down in a fit.

This was a trial of Miss Lambart's fortitude, that she had scarcely nerve sufficient to sustain; alone, in a savage spot, no habitation, no assistance near, she was ready to sink beside Janet, and to yield herself up to despair; but rallying her fainting spirits, she supplicated for courage and support, and her prayer was heard; for she regained sufficient energy to take the flask from the basket that lay on the ground beside Janet, and to wet her lips with the wine, till, with a heavy sigh, she unclosed her eyes; having swallowed a little, she said she was better; and at length yielded to Miss Lambart's persuasions to look up, and convince herself that the object of her terror was in reality only a withered tree

to the sapless trunk of which two dead branches clung, which, with the upper part of the tree, being covered with a sort of white moss, gave it the spectral appearance that had so frightened the superstitious Janet, who, begging a million of pardons for her weakness, walked on as fast as her yet shaking limbs would permit her; but the agitation her fainting occasioned had caused Miss Lambart to forget the direction she had received, and she entered on the wrong path, believing she was pursuing that which conducted to the heath.

“This is a dismal, solitary place though, after all,” said Janet; “and I should not wonder if it was haunted by the spirits of those whom the brigands have murdered here.”

“Again let me entreat you to get rid of such horrible thoughts; endeavour to think of a speedy termination to our tedious journey—of remaining in peace and safety at the casa St. Albe, till we can hear from Ireland.”

But while Miss Lambart gave this advice to Janet, she was herself incapable of

following it; her spirit sank; for she began to suspect that she had not taken the path that led to the heath; far as she could see, rock rose on rock, pointed and precipitous, and seemed of interminable extent; but dreading to alarm Janet, she proceeded, with a heavy heart, till their progress was impeded by a stagnate pool, too wide for them to cross. Janet threw a despairing glance upon the pool, and said, "Now then, we may as well lay ourselves down and die, for we shall never get from hence."

"I have better hopes," replied Miss Lambart, pointing to a narrow path, which she had discovered on the edge of a steep overhanging rock, which Janet protested they never could ascend.

"We must attempt it, or perish here," returned Miss Lambart, springing on the dangerous path, rendered slippery by the recent fall of rain; nothing but the dread of remaining alone, would have induced Janet to follow; to bring the basket with her was impossible; and it was not without extreme reluctance she abandoned it, for it still contained food and wine, which she was apprehensive they should stand in need of,

though Miss Lambart believed the village could be at no great distance. The narrow path they were now upon, led among the rocks, and by a steep descent, brought the travellers, breathless and nearly exhausted, to an open space of level ground.—“Goodness make me thankful!” said the panting Janet, throwing herself on a heap of drifted sand, for there was little appearance of turf or other vegetation on that sterile waste—“Goodness be praised! we have got to the heath at last; but where is the stone cross?”

“I see nothing of that; and instead of three paths, I believe in my conscience, there is not less than ten; but I suppose the upper one is that we are to take, and bless my poor aching legs, how glad I shall be when we get to the village!”

Miss Lambart sunk, with a stifled groan, near Janet; she had no hope of reaching the village, for she saw too plainly that they had wandered from the right road, and that it was utterly impossible to regain it, without information: to proceed was madness, to continue where they were was death; for they had no means of supporting life: with

her face buried in her hands, she was giving way to fearful anticipations, when Janet exclaimed—"We are not far from some habitation, for I hear the bleating of sheep."

Miss Lambart anxiously listened, but no sound that promised extrication from their perilous situation met her ear. Above her head the moon shone in placid beauty, surrounded by millions of scintillating stars, that tranquilly pursued their way along the deep blue sky—"Oh that my spirit was released from its earthly bondage," thought Miss Lambart, "and dwelling in one of those shining orbs! there all seems peace and holiness—here all is trouble, pain, and wretchedness."

Around her the fair unfortunate beheld only a sandy waste, across which appeared paths which seemed trodden by human feet; but whither they led involved terrible suspicions—perhaps to the tangled wildernesses, where the ferocious wolves formed their lair, or to the passes of the Col di Tende, where the equally dreaded brigands had their secret holds—"Alas, alas!" said she, "whichever way we turn, we are alike exposed to imminent peril; but the omni-

scient eye of Heaven is on us in this wild spot; let us supplicate for direction and strength to proceed."

At that moment, the bleat of sheep was plainly heard, and in the next instant two terrified creatures bounded past, pursued by a wolf. Janet did not witness this, for her head was turned the other way; finding she had fallen asleep, Miss Lambart, with all the haste that terror would permit, shook her—"Rise instantly, Janet," said she; "let us be gone; we will take the upper path, though it is an acclivity; there must be a human dwelling somewhere near, and we may find our way to the village."

Janet was not easily roused; she was naturally a heavy sleeper, and fatigue and fear had joined to stupify her senses, and she stared at Miss Lambart, without appearing to comprehend her meaning, or attempting to quit her sand-formed pillow! In almost despondent agony, Miss Lambart entreated her to rise, that they might endeavour to reach some place of safety: being at last roused from the lethargy that was stealing on her, Janet lamented bitterly having been forced to leave the wine-flask behind her in

the defile, for her mouth and throat were full of sand. Not many paces from whence the travellers again set out, they met a stream of limpid water, that gushed from a bare rock at the extremity of the desert; joyfully they knelt down to drink, and gave Heaven thanks for the refreshment it afforded—"This is just like the water Hagar found in the desert, when she was turned out of doors by her hard-hearted mistress: I am sure it will be the saving of my life, as her son's life, I forget his name, was saved by the water of the fountain; but as to his name it does not signify—he was perishing for want of drink, and so was I."

"And let this great mercy teach us to rely on the care of Providence, in all our difficulties: we were thirsty," continued Miss Lambert, "and have been graciously supplied with pure water."

"And as we are sadly tired, I hope we shall have the good luck to meet with a bed," replied Janet; "if it is only like that at the posado, kept by that frightful lame old man; for truly a truss of straw will be better than no bed at all. I hope we shall

soon come to some house, let it be ever so mean."

But this hope was quickly at an end, for they found the path they trod becoming very steep; and in a short time, they beheld in the distance, towering to the clouds, the white peaks of mountains, silvered with the moonbeams, and with dismay discovered they were ascending the Col di Tende: presently they heard the roaring of streams, and beheld them rushing and bounding from the mountain precipices.—“It is all over with us,” exclaimed Janet; “if it was bad with us down below, in the sandy desert, it is a thousand times worse now; we are lost, gone, robbed, and murdered; this is the shocking place we were told to keep away from; this, for certain, is the very spot where the wolves tear and devour travellers, and the brigands——”

“Is it thus,” interrupted Miss Lambart, “you keep the promise you made me, not to anticipate evil? surely it is time enough to tremble at danger, when it arrives; to me there is a sublimity in this wild lonely spot, that inspires holy thoughts, and awful wonder; I see nothing here to create alarm,

but much to excite admiration; the fall of yonder stream, leaping from precipice to precipice, how beautiful! the spray looks like a shower of diamonds, and those mountains, towering above each other, in a lengthened chain, nothing can exceed the grandeur of their appearance."

"I am sure," muttered Janet, "I had much rather see a cottage, if it was ever so poor, than those lonesome odd-shaped mountains, and hear the voice of a Christian body, than the roaring noise of them waters. Goodness guide us, here are plenty of paths! pray, mounseer Henri, which way are we to go now?"

This was a puzzling question, and painfully recalled Miss Lambart's observation from the magnificent scenery by which she was then surrounded, to contemplate the perplexity, as well as actual peril, of their situation. The path they then stood upon led to the higher parts of the Col di Tende, where it was probable they might encounter the blighting influence of the tourmente-wind, or be buried under the overwhelming avalanche. While pondering among the many paths that appeared

on every side, Miss Lambart recollected that the Cemenus, at the foot of which, in the valley bearing the name of the mountain, stood the casa St. Albe, was noted down in the direction given her by the friendly Giuesppe, as lying to the left of Escarene: to the left therefore she bent her way, not remembering the many turnings to the right and left they had made among the rocks, when they quitted the defile; and soon became lost in the intricacies of one of those frightful wildernesses, described by Monica as the resort of wolves.

"We are in for it now," exclaimed Janet; "we are got into the midst of them."

"In the midst of whom?" asked Miss Lambart fearfully, as she forced herself through long tangled grass and thick-entwining bushes.

"The wolves, the wolves; I am sure I heard one of the horrid creatures growl; I dare not move a step farther; here I must die of fright, if I am not devoured."

"Silly creature," said Miss Lambart, "why will you torment yourself and me with your idle fancies? come on, follow my

steps, and if there is danger, I will face it first."

"You are very good to go first, to be sure," replied Janet, her teeth chattering with fear; "but a wolf, you know, may seize on me behind: oh that I was safe at home in my mother's cottage! what a blessed place I should think it, even if I was teasing wool, or spinning, or doing any sort of drudgery, so I was not wandering like a strayed sheep at midnight, among these dreadful wildernesses."

"But as these wishes will avail nothing to extricate us from our difficulties, let me entreat you to take courage," said Miss Lambart; "I perceive there is an opening in the trees a little way on, and we shall certainly be better off where we can see our danger, than to remain closed in with underwood, where it may come upon us unawares."

A loud lengthened shriek from Janet startled Miss Lambart, who trembling in every joint, turned round, and beheld a large gaunt wolf, glaring with fiery eye-balls on Janet, who fell senseless among the bushes, overcome with horror.

Miss Lambart believing it impossible to escape the fangs of the wolf, stood unable to move, as if rooted to the earth, and feeling pangs as terrible as those of death, when the sound of a carbine roused her to the dreadful conviction that they had escaped the rending talons of the ferocious beast, to fall into the hands of human wolves, deaf to the voice of pity, and capable of any act of savage atrocity.

“What have we here?” said a muscular man, forcing himself through the bushes; “a poor prize, by St. Peter! a couple of boys, seeking, I suppose, for their mother’s strayed goats, till they have gone astray themselves. Harkee, youngster!” pulling the insensible Janet by the arm; “you need not be afraid to look up; old grizzle-beard is dead as a door nail; I shot him right through the brain; I took aim at his head, because I did not want to make a hole in his coat. Why sure the fool is not dead with fear,” roughly shaking Janet; “stand up, I say, youngster, and give an account of where you come from, and how you got in the wolf’s den.”

Another ruffian-looking man now push-

ed himself, through the matted and entwined trees, and, with a coarse laugh, said —“ You have growled your last, have you. Who the devil killed gaffer Grim? I used to think he was the fiend himself, for he never seemed to mind being fired at.”

“Why what an empty sapscull you must be to ask who killed the wolf! dost think, Jaques, these boys could muster courage enough to face his sharp claws and long teeth? here is one of them just recovering from a fit, and shaking as if he had the ague: but you see, Jaques, it is a true right earnest wolf, and not what you, and Antoni, and Bernardine, persisted was a wear wolf: look,” turning the still fierce-looking animal about, “it is not a man, but a beast; and I dare say by his grizzled pate, he is the great-grandfather of those two the captain shot last night. What, have not you done shaking yet?” continued he, addressing Janet; “stand up, and let us hear you speak, if you are not struck dumb.”

“And here is the other,” said Jaques, pointing to Miss Lambart, “looking as frightened as if the wolf was springing at his throat, and opening his jaws ready to

devour him, instead of seeing a good-looking well-behaved gentleman like myself standing before him; they may both be idiots for what I know, but I suppose you youngster," rudely slapping Miss Lambart's shoulder, "you can understand, and answer a plain question; what coin have you got about you, to reward my comrade and myself for having saved you from being devoured by the wolf?"

"You!" returned Baptiste; "why you must have the impudence of the very devil himself, to ask reward for a service you had no hand in performing; it was myself that killed gaffer Grim; I shot him right between his eyes; and I shall claim, as my right and well-earned guerdon, all the money they have about them, which is but a trifle, I will be bound; it is well if it be enough to pay for the powder and ball that made a hole in the napper-case of old gaffer Grim."

"The captain, you know, Baptiste," replied Jaques, "will give a reward for the skin; and that, if you have any conscience, ought to content you; so do you hear, boy; if you have lost your tongue, make use of

your hands, and instantly deliver up your money, or by the——”

“He shall not deliver,” said the other ruffian, dragging away Jaques from the almost fainting Miss Lambart; “the boys shall not deliver to you; they are my prize, for plunder or for ransom: honour among thieves, Jaques; did I pretend to claim a share when you robbed the fat friar to-night of his rosary, which he said was worth forty crowns? show a little honesty to your comrades, Jaques, whatever you do to other folks.”

“Jaques,” repeated Miss Lambart, beholding the red hair and bushy whiskers of the ruffian, with a faint hope of procuring by his means release; “we have a token from Suzette, of the posado at Escarene, if your name is Jaques.”

“That is the name my mother chose to give me,” replied the brigand; “it belonged to a rich uncle of mine, who cheated me out of his estate, and left it to my brother, because I did not pay him respect enough, and said——but it is no concern of yours what the niggardly old miser said. What

love-token has the fond fool, Suzette, sent me?"

"This cross," replied Miss Lambart, taking it from Janet's neck, and presenting it; "Suzette said you would remember the token well."

"And is this all?" asked Jaques.

"She bade us be sure to give her love to you, and desired for her sake you would see that we were not molested, and that you would put us on our way to the valley of Cemenus."

"Ay, by the mass! I remember well when and where I got this cross; it was from a Sister of Charity, who at the same time gave me an alms of twenty crowns, which she had been collecting at Nice; I gave the cross to Suzette, in exchange for—but she is out in her reckoning, if she believes promises made after swallowing a flagon of wine, and toying with a wench at Escarene, are remembered among the mountains of the Col di Tende.—Come," turning to Miss Lambart, "I have wasted too much time in talk; deliver up your money, boy; why what a cowardly chap you are, to stand crying and trembling! you ought

to wear petticoats; a pretty sort of a man you will be—when I was of your size, I could bid a traveller stand and deliver, as boldly as I do now. Come, come, no resistance; your money or——”

“I beseech you, release me,” said Miss Lambart, trembling in the ruffian’s grasp; “I will give you all the money I have, indeed I will.”

“What the devil,” said Baptiste, who was cutting off the wolf’s head to bear away as a trophy, “shall I suffer you to rob me before my face? let go the boy, or I will report you to the captain.”

“Report me, will you,” replied Jaques; “well then, just to shew you that I am no more afraid of the captain than I am of you, I shall insist upon having the trifle the boy has about him.”

Miss Lambart sank on her knees beside Janet, and supplicating for their lives, offered the leather bag Giuesppe had placed in their basket at Escarene.

Jaques, as he eagerly snatched it from her hand, hooked the sleeve of his jacket on her vest; as he violently tore his arm away, her vest opened, and disclosed to

the ruffian's delighted view, her magnificent chain.—“Why who the devil are you, that carry such treasures about you?” asked Jaques; “some prince in disguise, I suppose—this is a lucky night's work! off with the sparklers. Oh, by the mass,” continued he, “here is value in hand, and ransom in expectation; you can be no mean body that can afford to wear a rosary like this about your neck.”

“They shall go before the captain, plunder and boys; and he shall decide,” said Baptiste, “what part of the booty belongs to you.”

“Take the chain, I entreat you, and let us go, only put us in the road to Cemenus, and the gold and the——”

“Ha, ha! I smell a rat,” resumed Baptiste; “I am greatly mistaken if you are not already volunteers in some regiment of freetakers; I see by your looks I am right; you have nabbed the diamonds, and are afraid of being laid by the heels for your dexterity: but come along, my lads; though recruits, raw, young, and cowardly as you are, can be of no use at all in actual service, yet we may perhaps be able to find

you employment of some sort or other at the fortress."

He then flung the head of the wolf, which looked ferocious even in death, upon his shoulder, and telling Jaques to guard the lads, began to lead the way; but suddenly stopping, he bade his ruffian comrade return the boy the chain.—"He shall have the honour," said Baptiste, "to present it to the captain himself."

In vain Miss Lambart supplicated for liberty to proceed on their journey; but though Jaques was inclined to let them go, and to share the booty with his comrade, yet Baptiste was afraid to trust Jaques, whom he feared wanted to bring him into disgrace with their leader; neither did he know of any secret means to dispose of the chain; he therefore determined to make a merit with their captain, of his strict observance of their laws, which enacted, that all spoil should, without embezzlement or private reserve, be brought to the general depository, for the equal emolument of the corps, as they chose to designate themselves: Baptiste having these reasons, declared his honour would not permit him to

conceal so valuable a booty as the chain appeared to be, from the captain, who knew its worth, having had so many baubles of the sort pass through his hands.

Pale, weeping, and fatigued, the unhappy travellers were led by the unfeeling brigands to a mountain excavation, which they called the fortress. Near the entrance was an iron door, which, on a signal made by Baptiste, was opened by a sentinel; and they were admitted into a long vaulted passage, dimly lit by a lamp that burned near the centre; and here Miss Lambart beheld the two enormous wolf-dogs she had seen at the village of Escarene; the sagacious animals knew her and Janet, and instead of resenting their intrusion, by opening their tremendous jaws and yelling at them, they followed them, and licked their hands, with every indication of friendly recognition.

"By the mass," said Jaques, "there is something strange in all this! the dogs seem to be acquainted with these lads."

"'Tis like enough they may be a link of our fraternity," replied Baptiste; "but the captain will soon know, for he is like the

grand inquisitor, and discovers every thing and every body." The brigands turned into a branch of the passage, and ascending a flight of rude stone steps, a blaze of light, from an open door, burst suddenly on the eyes of the terrified fugitives, who being hurried forward by their ruffian guides, entered a large apartment, hewn in the solid rock, and named by the brigands, the hall of the fortress; an abundance of pine torches threw light on a long board, which was covered with various articles of food, mingled with flagons of wine and drinking-cups.

A number of fierce-looking men were seated at the board, eating and drinking; they were all habited in green jackets, and wore on their heads velvet hunting-caps. Miss Lambart, as she cast an alarmed glance on the ruffian group, recollected that Giuseppe wore exactly the same dress, and exactly the same sort of cap, only that his was ornamented with a plume of black feathers.

"What good deed have you been about?" asked one of the men, withdrawing the cup from his lips, after a deep draught, as he ob-

served blood on Baptiste's hand; "despatching some sinner to purgatory this fine night?"

"No such luck," replied Baptiste; "I have only cut the wizen of old gaffer Grim, who would have made his supper on this lad," pointing to Janet, "if I had not popped at him with my carbine, and took away his appetite."

"The wear wolf," exclaimed another of the brigands.

"I know, Bernardine, you are fond of the marvellous," returned Baptiste, "and I am sorry to disappoint you, but gaffer Grim was a downright real wolf, as Jaques can witness, and if you will not believe him, go and convince yourself: here is the old prowler's head," throwing it on the table, "grinning and staring as if it was alive; and as to his carcass, that lies stiff and stark in the wilderness, to the left of the wolf's den."

"No, no, Baptiste, I can take your word," said Bernardine; "I have no desire to interrupt the grief of his relations and friends; a hundred at least, I dare say, are howling round him by this time."

"And what nursery did you bring these pretty babes from?" asked another ruffian;

"lie upon thee for a hard-hearted cut-purse, to tear the poor children from the arms of their mother; who, no doubt, is making her eyes red with crying after them."

"No doubt. Antoni would like to console her," said Bernardine; "but what the devil, comrades," eying Miss Lambart and Janet as he spoke, "what the devil did you bring these youngsters here for? Neither of them are strong enough to carry a carbine; and if they had pith enough in their arms, I am sure they have not courage to stand fire; they would be sick at the smell of powder: what the plague are they good for—only to help to do our what we brave fellows face danger and risk our lives to obtain."

"The captain will settle all about the lads," said Jaques, "though for my part, I was for taking their valuables, and letting them go."

"Ay, ay, after taking their valuables," roared Bernardine; "let Jaques alone for that; he has a surprising knack at taking every thing he can lay his hooks upon."

"Look to the pale-faced boy," said Antoni; "he is going to faint: he is a cou-

rageous spirit to bring to the fortress, among such fellows as we are."

Miss Lambart, though her eyes were dim and her brain dizzy, did not faint, but leaning on the shoulder of the sobbing Janet, she burst into tears.

"Why these lads ought to be flogged for cowardice," resumed Antoni; "and I have a good mind," unbuckling the leather belt into which a pair of pistols were stuck—"by the pope's toe, I have a great mind to give them a round dozen a-piece, because, as the captain says, on particular occasions, summary justice saves time and trouble."

One of the men caught the uplifted arm of Antoni, before the intended blow fell on Miss Lambart, who becoming insensible, was supported by Baptiste. Janet, seeing her mistress to all appearance dead, shrieked till the fortress rung with her cries: some of the men laughed at her distress, and others proposed pouring a flagon of wine down her throat to quiet her; but before the cup reached the lips of the terrified girl, the captain entered the hall, and sternly inquired—"Which of you has presumed to break the law, to which you all voluntarily

subscribed, not to bring a female into the fortress?"

Janet, the instant she heard the voice, recognised Giuesppe, and rushing forward, she fell upon her knees before him, and holding up her hands, exclaimed—"Oh save us, most noble brigand! most generous robber, save us from these ugly ruffians, who have, I verily believe, frightened to death my dear lady."

Giuesppe thought it fortunate for Janet that none of the troop understood her language, which, from her look and tone, he guessed was any thing but conciliating: knowing the necessity of maintaining his character and command, he replied, in a voice of thunder—"Peace! no prate, boy! I will do justice to all parties." He then snatched a cup from the table, and succeeded in getting a little of the wine between the lips of Miss Lambart, who opened her eyes, and with a shudder raised them to the expressive countenance of Giuesppe. Not giving her time to speak, with a significant gesture he laid his finger on his lip, while the troop, who did not observe this action, wondered how and where the boys had seen

their leader; and their wonder was augmented, when they heard him bid Baptiste and Jaques take refreshments to his apartment. When they had departed to execute his order, the captain addressed the brigands who sat at the board staring with astonishment.—“My brave comrades,” said Giuesppe, “these boys are well known to me: they are poor and friendless, and are on their way to Cemenus, having escaped from the house of a priest, who is a red hot bigot, and wants to place them in a monastery; but they have no desire to become monks.”

“None but fools,” interrupted Stéffano, “would ~~be~~ lead such dronish lives. By the toe-nail of his holiness, the boys have had famous luck in falling in with us: neither priest nor monk dare molest them here.”

“But they are too young to follow our hazardous occupation,” resumed Giuesppe, “and it would be a long, and I take it, a troublesome task, to render them, so differently brought up, of service to us in any way. I therefore trust that none of you, my valiant comrades, will oppose my intention to dismiss them.”

"To betray us to the authorities," replied Steffano; "to those who would gibbet us, and leave us for food to feathered murderers and robbers. I, for one, oppose their departure from the fortress. It is good to be generous and merciful, but then it should not be at the risk of our own safety; remember that, captain."

"I have been mindful of the safety of the troop," resumed Guésppe, "even at the imminent peril of my own life; and I beg you all, comrades, to remember, the boys can know nothing of the way hither; and if permitted to go hence, they shall depart blindfolded, having just sworn an oath to be silent respecting the fortress and its inhabitants."

"The captain says well," rejoined Bernardine; "let the boys go; they will only lie on our hands like dead lumber: they will be torment and trouble to us, and make us melancholy with their whining and lamenting after home. Let them go where they like, captain; for if you keep them here at the fortress, and watch them ever so narrowly, they may have cunning enough to escape, after they have learned our secret

plans and intentions, and may blow us all to perdition. Dismiss them, captain—dismiss them at once.”

After much contention among the brigands, for and against the dismissal of the travellers, it was at last decided, that after being refreshed with food and rest, the boys should be blindfolded, placed on mules, and conducted to the high road leading to Cemenus, where they were to be left at liberty to pursue their way at their own discretion.

“Henri,” said the captain, addressing Miss Lambart, who stood the pale image of sorrow and dismay, “have courage, boy; no harm is intended you: take the arm of your companion, and follow me.”

Having passed up a flight of narrow winding steps, Giuesppe made a pause, and in a low voice, cautioned Miss Lambart to be upon her guard, that she might betray no surprise at any thing he should find it necessary to say in the presence of his men: he also bade her assure her follower, that they had no danger to apprehend, and at dawn of day, would be allowed to pursue their journey to the valley of Cemenus.

Miss Lambart having communicated Giuesppe's assurances to Janet, she groaned, and mournfully shaking her head, declared she had but one wish left in her heart, and that was to lie down, in some quiet corner, in or out of doors, she had no choice about the matter; for as to reaching Cemenus, or ever seeing dear Ireland again, she knew it was quite impossible, for her poor heart was broke with trouble and fright.

Though used to Janet's doleful complainings and gloomy anticipations, Miss Lambart felt her words strike a chill to her heart; her sunk spirit acknowledged the too great probability, that the journey of life would be at an end before they reached the casa St. Albe; for were they not in the stronghold of brigands, surrounded by unprincipled desperadoes, robbers, and murderers, whose captain, however mercifully disposed himself, might not have power to give the safety he promised? Janet's forebodings appeared likely to be true; they should die far from their native land, unknown and unlamented; and owe to the humanity of strangers the narrow graves

that would shelter their remains from ravenous beasts and birds of prey.

At the top of the stairs, the captain threw open a door, and bade them enter. Desponding as Janet felt, and near death as she supposed herself, she was not sorry to see the board plentifully spread with viands; nor did she refuse to eat, when the captain pointed to the food; but while helping herself to a slice of kid, observed, a fat sorrow was, at any rate, better than a lean one, and she might as well die with a full stomach as an empty one.

Miss Lambart took a crust of bread, and a little wine, after which she felt sufficiently revived to listen to Baptiste's account of shooting the wolf, and of Jaques discovering the chain under her vest, which they believed she had stolen from some rich person, by the fear of detection evinced in her desiring them to keep the jewels, and suffer herself and companion to go. Giuesppe, having examined the chain, threw it contemptuously from him—"Mere worthless trash," said he; "a rosary of false stones, designed, I suppose, to decorate the neck of some saint on a festival: the chain itself is

of base metal, and the whole is not worth
———”

“Perhaps,” interrupted Jaques, “this leather purse may be of more value.”

“Why ay,” resumed Giuesppe, emptying the contents into his hand, “this is true coin, and I will divide it between you. As to the chain, let the boy have it again; for his mother may set a value upon the trumpery, which is of no worth to us. Now to your pallets; and at the first light of morning, prepare three of our best mules; I will myself conduct these boys to the valley of Cemenus. Away to rest! Fail not to prepare the mules at the appointed time, and be assured I will reward your diligence.”

Baptiste and Jaques knew their leader too well to doubt his word; they departed, quite satisfied that the chain was of no value, and felicitating themselves that they had not exposed themselves to his displeasure, by retaining it. Janet’s hunger being appeased, her head sunk upon the table, and her loud breathing announced the suspension of her sorrows.

Giuesppe took up the chain, and pre-

senting it to Miss Lambart, said—"Your appearance, your language, and this magnificent chain, which I am certain is of great value, all convince me you are of high rank in life: when I overheard your conversation on the road to Escarene, I discovered you were disguised females." Miss Lambart started, and blushed; "but let not this declaration," continued Gieseppe, "alarm or distress you. Look on this," said he, unclosing a small casket, and drawing forth the miniature picture of a young and beautiful female, which he passionately pressed to his lips; "I loved, and was beloved by the angelic being for whom this was painted. She is gone to her proper sphere; she was too good for this world; and for her sake I have made a vow to protect and serve every unfortunate female that requires my assistance. At the casa St. Albe, you will learn the history of Gieseppe; you will hear much to pity and condemn: but I forget you are fatigued, and require the refreshment of sleep: in that recess," opening a door Miss Lambart had not before perceived, "you will find a rude couch; retire to it without dread."

Janet gladly withdrew, and when laid on Giuesppe's couch of skins, she declared it was a bed fit for a queen. It was long before Miss Lambart yielded to sleep, for her mind was full of the wild terrific scenes she had passed through, since she left the cottage of Monica; the wolves and the brigands assailed her imagination, and she listened, with a palpitating heart, expecting every instant to be involved in some new peril. At length wearied nature sunk into forgetfulness, and she enjoyed a short but tranquil slumber, from which she was awakened by a tapping at the door, and the voice of Giuesppe. Instantly quitting her comfortable couch, Miss Lambart shook Janet, who very unwillingly arose: when they entered the outward apartment, they found the captain disguised as a monk. "In this habit," said he, "I shall pass unquestioned, and be enabled to protect you more effectually than if I wore any other garb; for, thanks to the superstition of the people, the very garments of *un religieux* are held sacred."

Janet always considered travelling on an empty stomach a bad thing, and was greatly

pleased with the attention of the captain, who, early as the hour was, had provided a breakfast of excellent coffee and biscuits, which she protested were as nice as any the housekeeper at Doneraile Castle ever made.

Their early meal being concluded, Giuesppe told Miss Lambart the mules were ready, and it was best they should take advantage of the cool of the morning. He then led them to the head of the stairs they had the night before ascended, and passed on through a dark and very narrow passage; here Janet's fears revived in full force, and Miss Lambart began to feel suspicious of Giuesppe's good intentions, when he suddenly drew aside a grating, and a glimmering light discovered a flight of steps that led downwards. Janet clung to her mistress, and begged her to go no farther; but convinced she was no safer there than she should be in any other part of the fortress, with a desperate sort of courage, Miss Lambart, after a moment's pause, said to the captain—"My companion fears to proceed; whither, I beseech you tell me, whither do you lead us?"

"To liberty and safety," replied Giuesppe; "be not infected with that silly creature's folly; in a few moments we shall be without the walls of the fortress. I brought you this way, to avoid the gaze and observation of my comrades; follow me quickly, and with confidence."

As they descended the steps, the light became stronger, and presently the fresh mountain air fanned their cheeks; and they emerged from the fortress upon a level spot, where Jaques and Baptiste waited with three mules. Giuesppe placed in the hand of each a purse, saying—"There is the reward I promised for your diligence." The brigands looked pleased. "Tell our comrades," continued the captain, "that I will meet them where I appointed, three nights hence. Farewell! be careful in my absence."

He then assisted Miss Lambart and Janet to mount, and in a short time the fortress was hid behind the mountain they descended. Giuesppe led the way, and Miss Lambart soon perceived, without a guide it would have been impossible to proceed, for a hundred paths intersected each other; and

they passed through a forest, and crossed a narrow stream, before they reached the village where Ginesppe proposed they should dine, and rest for an hour or two, and proceed on their journey in the evening.

Nothing could exceed the respect with which the people of the posado, and the peasants of the village, approached the captain, who, turning to Miss Lambart, said, "Observe what reverence these fools pay to a monk's greasy cowl; the owner of this habit lives, and under a sanctified appearance, commits sins that I should shudder at; and yet, as he walks the streets, the deluded populace fall on their knees in the mud to supplicate his blessing; and happy are they whose empty heads are touched by the hypocrite's hand."

While the host placed before them fish, and a fine roasted capon, he apologized to his reverence for the poorness of his dinner, which was the best he could procure at so short a notice; "but, holy father," continued the host, "we have cream, and fresh-gathered fruit, and Swiss cheese, for a desert."

"Enough, in all conscience," replied Giu-

esppe ; "for remember, my good host, plain food is best for the health of man's body. Luxurious viands engender diseases, and gluttony is one of the deadly sins."

While they sat at dinner, an empty calash stopped before the door of the posado ; Miss Lambart looked wishfully at the little carriage, and Janet exclaimed—"How comfortable people can ride, when they have something to lean their backs against ! if they are sleepy, they can take a nod, without fear of breaking their necks."

Giuesppe was curious to know what Janet said ; Miss Lambart having informed him, he smiled, and replied, she was no fool after all, particularly in matters that concerned her own ease and comfort.

A lovely cool evening had succeeded a sultry day, when Giuesppe awoke the travellers to pursue their journey. Janet, though well, was peevish, and wondered if she should ever again enjoy a night of undisturbed sleep. Miss Lambart, though she felt unwell, made no complaint ; but having bathed her throbbing temples and burning hands with the water presented by a neat peasant girl, she was followed by Ja-

net to the court before the posádo; where, to her surprise and joy, she beheld the calash, which she was told by Gíuesppe was to take them to the casa St. Albe. . Seated between Miss Lambart and Janet, Gíuesppe exerted himself to divert the former, by directing her attention to the elegant oasas and highly-cultivated plantations that bordered the road.—“ But when we enter the valley of Cemenus,” said he, “ its fertility and beauty will make these appear poor ; the casa St. Albe, too, built entirely of white marble, exceeds any in Piedmont for magnificence ; the gardens, groves, and woods, that surround the casa, are laid out in a style of elegance seldom equalled ; for Nature there was so bountiful, that she left her handmaid Art but little to accomplish ; the domain of St. Albe is indeed Elysium, for it is the abode of good spirits, who deserve to be, and I trust are, happy.”

Gíuesppe paused ; he sighed heavily, and Miss Lambart beheld his fine countenance shaded with sorrow.—“ And why,” said she, “ why are not you happy ? The generous, noble qualities of your mind should conduce——”

"They are clouded, darkened with guilt," interrupted Giesppe. "I am a brigand."

"But to remain so," resumed Miss Lambart, "depends on your own choice; you have rendered me services that demand my everlasting gratitude; at present I have only thanks to offer you, mingled with an earnest prayer that you will quit a course of life so little suited to your disposition: once able to communicate with my own country, I shall have much in my power, and pledge myself to serve you in any way you shall point out."

"It is too late," replied Giesppe; "I am too deeply plunged in guilt. My heart is a prey to remorse, but repentance can avail me nothing."

"Say not so," resumed Miss Lambart; "the ears of Mercy are ever open to the prayer of penitence. If you have indeed loved——"

"If I have loved," repeated Giesppe; "may you never feel the agony—the despair of loving as I have loved! It is to love I owe all my misery and degradation."

"Owe to it your exaltation, your eternal happiness," said Miss Lambart; "aspire to

a reunion with her so loved and lamented. Oh that Heaven would inspire me with eloquence to rouse your better principles—to persuade you to burst the disgraceful trammels that confine you, to induce you to return to the paths of peace and rectitude!”

“Angel!” exclaimed Gieseppe, “your words have touched me; I will reflect upon them.”

At that interesting moment the calash stopped, and the travellers entered a posado, to take refreshment, and obtain fresh mules: during this repast, Miss Lambart acquainted Gieseppe with her name, her rank, and her country; and renewing her entreaty that he would abandon his present course of life, instructed him to address her, whenever her interest or her fortune could render him service.

At sunrise the travellers entered the rich and picturesque valley of Cemenus; and after pursuing the course of a clear serpentine stream for a short time, they beheld, on a gentle eminence, the casa St. Albe; but Miss Lambart was incapable of participating in the vehement joy of Janet, who clapped her hands, laughed, and declared

that next, to seeing the Hill of Howth, or the Pigeon-house, the sight of the casa St. Albe gave her most pleasure.—“But, goodness help me, I am kallooming before I am out of the wood; here is my mistress ill, and as pale as a corpse; and if she is not able to speak, what will become of us, for I can never make the French foreigners understand.”

“Be not alarmed, Janet,” replied Miss Lambart; “I trust my illness is only the result of unusual fatigue, and will pass off.”

Giuesppe bade the driver make all speed, for he saw that Miss Lambart was seized with fever; and the little carriage whirled so rapidly along, that Janet, who was now wide awake, could only catch transient glances of the temples and statues that adorned the grounds belonging to the casa; but she saw that Giuesppe, while endeavouring to cheer her mistress, looked sorrowful himself; but whether because she was ill, or that he was concerned at parting with her, she could not determine. Giuesppe was indeed sorry for the indisposition of Miss Lambart, but he did not regret parting with her; he was certain he was

about to consign her to safe and honourable protection ; it was the casa St. Albe, in which he had passed many happy days, that awakened feelings of anguish, that brought to remembrance the loved one still mourned, though many years had passed away since death claimed the youthful victim of inexorable bigotry.

Miss Lambart was scarcely sensible, when the calash stoppèd before the superb colonnade in front of the casa St. Albe. She heard Giuesppe inform a domestic, that two persons from the country of monsieur St. Albe entreated his protection ; but she heard not his impassioned adieu, nor his fervently-breathed wish for her restoration to health, and to perfect happiness ; neither was she sensible of being removed from the carriage to a neat comfortable apartment in the casa St. Albe.

CHAP. II.

———“ And they, 'tis said, who love the best,
In one wild mastering passion lose the rest.”

.....

——— ——— Let it be
Enough, to say it was ; and if excuse
Be needful, tell them this. *Marcian Colonna*

.....

Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong,
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood. *Lament of Tasso.*

.....

And for these wrongs we die—I must content,
Knowing thou canst not long survive the blow
My hand has dealt free. *Fall of Weimar.*

.....

Grief doth strike as deep a furrow in the brain
As mischief or remorse.
Many a year, burthened with sorrow, o'er his head had pass'd,
And stamp'd upon his brow the marks of care ;
And so he seem'd as old before his time :
And many would pretend that in his air
There was a gloom that had its birth in crime—
'Tis thus the wretched are trod down. *Marcian Colonna*

WHEN the earl of Vandeleur arrived at Paris, his impatience for intelligence respecting Miss Lambart allowed him to take neither rest nor food, till he had sought the habitation of the brother of Le-

main; from whom he learned, that the wretched agent of his villany was no more; which information had been obtained from the very best authority—the captain of the *Guillaume*, whom the father of Lemain had accidentally met at a tavern, from whom he received all the particulars of his son's death and burial at Nice.

This was all the account Louis Lemain was able to give—respecting females he knew nothing; nor did lord Vandeleur consider it prudent to put many questions to him on that subject, as it was evident that he was not in the confidence of his deceased brother, to whom he bore no sort of resemblance, either in person or manner, appearing to be a plain, straight forward, plodding mechanic, alike destitute of cunning and address. Having obtained the name of the tavern where the elder Lemain had met the captain of the *Guillaume*, the earl congratulated Louis on becoming heir to the family possessions, by the death of Felix, a certainty that seemed to give him perfect consolation. His lordship hastened to the tavern, where he learned that two females had been saved from the sinking

schooner, 'by the people of the Guillaume; but what had become of them after the ship entered the harbour of Nice, his informers did not know; but as the captain had a wife and daughters at Nice, it was possible they might be staying with them.

This did not appear so probable to the earl of Vandeleur, as it did to the hostess of the tavern, who, having a slight knowledge of the captain's wife, and judging from her dress, believed her to be a companion for the queen of France, and her house fit for the accommodation of ladies of the highest rank: but to Nice his lordship determined to proceed without loss of time, for there he might see the captain, and learn from him what had become of her whose fate pressed heavily on his conscience, and who could alone make him happy, if he was constituted, which he sometimes felt disposed to doubt, to enjoy happiness.

On returning to his hotel, the earl of Vandeleur found it necessary to recruit his spirits with food and rest, and also to call at his banker's, before he commenced a journey, which might, perhaps, be length-

ened to an extent he did not at that moment calculate upon.

Fatigue procured his lordship a night of sound sleep, to which he had been a stranger, since the fatal hour that had terminated, by his rash hand, the life and profligate career of the miserable Percy; but when he awoke in the morning, it was with a fevered body, a sore throat, and pains in his limbs, that anxious as he was to depart, confined him to his bed, and obliged him to call in a physician, happily a conscientious one, for in a week he was sufficiently recovered to venture abroad into the air, and able to call at his banker's, where he found letters from Ireland; among which, one written by the hand of the venerable baroness Wandesford, pathetically announcing the dreadful state of insanity in which his countess was plunged; the baroness concluded her most distressing letter with an assurance of the perfect health and improved person of the infant lord Conway.

And this pleasing account of his son was quite sufficient to reconcile the earl's feelings to the aberration of his wife's senses; her state concerned him no farther than to

inspire a hope that the malady of her mind might infect her body; and release him from a bondage that death only could dissolve; and remembering that at Paris, the headlong impetuosity of his passions had hurried him into a marriage with a woman whom he now despised and hated, he was eager to quit the scene of his folly and degradation, and to hasten after that pure and innocent creature, whom he hoped was ignorant of his guilt, in contriving the outrage she had suffered, in being forced from her friends and country; and that, forgiving the desperate acts he had committed, under the frenzy of love, she would be induced to bless him with her hand, when the grave should have closed over the wretched woman whom the command of a relentless father had made his wife, and whom he had abhorred, from the moment he had beheld the beauty and artless graces of his lovely cousin.

The captain of the *Guillaume* was absent on a voyage, when the earl of Vandeleur reached Nice; but he had no difficulty in finding his house, or in obtaining an interview with his wife; a little plump cheerful-

looking woman, from whom he learned the fearful particulars of the tremendous storm, in which the disabled and shattered Gramious had gone down, together with the sufferings and death of Lemain, and of the illness of Miss Lambart; of whom she could give no farther information, than that the young lady, and her female servant, had been taken under the protection of a priest, who happened to be on board the *Guillaume*, and whom she had known in her own country.

“And the priest’s name, madame?” asked his lordship; “can you oblige me with his name?”

“His name,” replied she, “is Burke: as soon as the ship arrived in harbour, the lady and her maid went with the priest to his house, in the western suburb; by the desire of my husband, I called upon Miss Lambart, to offer her my assistance in procuring apparel, or whatever else she might want, having lost every thing at sea; but not being a Catholic, I was refused an introduction to the young lady, and my services were rudely rejected.”

“Not by Miss Lambart, I am certain,”

said the earl; "her disposition is too amiable; neither is she a Catholic; and I am astonished that Burke should have presumed to take the liberty of interdicting and refusing, or——"

"I did not repeat my visit to his mansion," interrupted madame, "because I did not choose to offend, or hazard a quarrel with the priest, who has the name of being rather vindictive, and might contrive to injure my husband among the merchants, with whom he does business to a large extent: with regard to the young lady, I fear if she is not one of Burke's flock, she will find a residence under his roof any thing but pleasant."

"I am Miss Lambart's near relation," said lord Vandeleur, "and well known to Burke, who will not dare to refuse me admittance to her presence."

Madame shook her head doubtfully.—
"The priests here at Nice," replied she, "act in all things just as they please; and the people are so afraid of their anathemas, that they never oppose or contradict them."

The earl was no stranger to the influence of the church, and the power and insolence

of the priesthood; he also knew enough of Burke, to make him suspicious of his conduct to Miss Lambert, whom it appeared was under some strange restriction, by her not having informed the baroness Wandesford of her existence and safety.

Having received a direction to the house of Burke, lord Vandeleur took a polite leave of the captain's wife, and hastened to the west suburb; but there he met a fresh disappointment; the mansion was shut up, and appeared deserted by its late inhabitants; neither did any person at the neighbouring dwellings seem disposed to inform his lordship whither the priest had removed, though it was evident that most of them knew, but chose to maintain a mysterious silence on the subject. At length, remembering that gold was the "*Open Sesame*" on most occasions, his lordship, with a small bribe, prevailed on a man to tell him that Burke had fallen under the displeasure of his patron, the cardinal Solerno, and had received a command to retire for the remainder of his life to the monastery of La Trappe.

“ But there was a young lady under the priest’s protection,” said the earl; “ you tell me nothing of her.”

“ Because I have nothing to tell,” resumed the man; “ I did hear something about his wanting to make nuns of a lady and her maid, but I forget——”

“ Nuns!” repeated the earl.

“ Ay, nuns,” repeated the man; “ but if you wish to know more of the affair, you must go to the east suburb, and inquire for the dwelling of Thommaso Babbini, the cooper, where his mother and sister, who lived servants with Burke, may be found; they know all his secrets, for they lived with him till his departure from Nice.”

The heat of the weather, and the long walk he had already taken, had fatigued the earl, but little accustomed to pedestrian exercise; but his anxiety to gain intelligence of Miss Lambart, made him proceed, weary as he was, to the house of Thommaso Babbini. Manon, his mother-in-law, was confined to her bed, never having recovered the fright of Burke’s horrible ravings and execrations, at the escape of Miss Lambart; but from the lively good-tempered Nanette,

he obtained a full account of the privations and persecutions the young lady had endured, from the ambition, bigotry, and avarice of the savage-hearted Burke, from the time she entered his house, to the hour of her escape from his power. Nanette related her own, with Philippe's and Thomaso's share, in contriving and effecting Miss Lambart's emancipation from the tyranny of Burke; with their conveying her and her servant up the Paglion, to the cottage of Monica—"And the night the sweet lady departed," said Nanette, drawing a locket from her bosom, "she cut me off this beautiful ringlet that shaded her cheek, and gave it me with her own white hand."

"For which, my good girl," returned lord Vandeleur, "I will give you this purse," producing one well filled with gold.

"No," said Nanette, replacing the locket in her bosom, "no, I never will part with it while I have breath; the kind, generous, beautiful lady has sent me gold enough to make me comfortable all the days of my life, and enabled Philippe to marry me, without our waiting till after his mother's

death; I am well rewarded for the little service I was able to render the dear sweet lady, and I will keep her hair, for I am certain it has brought me luck and happiness."

"Your gratitude is praise-worthy," replied the earl; "but is Miss Lambart still at the cottage of Monica?"

"No; the Virgin be praised, she is safe, at the richest casa in all Piedmont, with a gentleman of her own country, a good and wealthy gentleman, who had interest enough with the cardinal Solerno to have the wicked priest, Burke, brought to book for his cruel treatment of Miss Lambart; and now he is doing penance for life in the monastery of La Trappe, where the monks never speak. Holy Virgin! what a terrible punishment that is! not to speak for a single hour would be shocking to me."

The earl smiled and replied—"I have no doubt you would find it a great hardship."

"To be sure I should; and then Burke must dig his own grave, and bury himself every day," said Nanette; "and live upon herbs, which he must raise for his own use."

The earl of Vandeleur had never liked Burke, and had intended to bring him to

punishment for his conduct to Miss Lambart; but his resentment was satisfied when he found that his cruelty and hypocrisy was rewarded by perpetual banishment to the severities of La Trappe. To see and make his peace with his fair cousin, was now the grand and first object of his thoughts:—
“And what is the name of the gentleman,” asked his lordship, “under whose protection Miss Lambart has placed herself?”

“His name is monsieur St. Albe,” replied Nanette, “a name known and respected all over Piedmont.”

“And his residence?”

“As I live,” said Nanette, “I believe you are the sweet lady’s lover! well, you will be a beautiful couple; may happiness attend you!”

“I thank you for your good wish,” replied the earl; “but I am the lady’s near relation, who have left my own country to seek her out, and restore her to her sorrowing friends. Tell me in what part of Piedmont must I seek the residence of monsieur St. Albe?”

“In the valley of Cemenus,” returned Nanette; “the very pleasantest place in all the world, as Philippe tells me, for he has been there, and he says the casa St. Albe is grander than——”

"Of that I shall shortly judge," interrupted the earl, "for I shall think every hour an age till I see Miss Lambert."

"You will want a guide, I can tell you," observed Nanette, "for there are plenty of difficulties and dangers to be met, between this and Cemenus."

"Can you recommend a person of courage and integrity," asked the earl, "who would undertake to guide me through the difficulties and dangers you speak of, who will set off immediately?"

Nanette smiled, and said—"You come in a lucky hour, for here is Philippe ready to set off for his mother's cottage; and as this is not a very busy time, why perhaps he may be able to go with you himself to Cemenus, and he knows every step of the way."

The earl insisted on Nanette receiving from him a few pieces of gold, for the use of her sick mother; he then departed, with a request that Philippe would follow him to the Golden Eagle.

The sun had set in a pavilion of glorious though dark clouds, when the earl of Vandeleur landed from Philippe's boat, opposite Monica's cottage, who hastened to welcome

the stranger, with all her customary kindness and cheerful hospitality, instantly placing before him refreshments to which the breeze on the river had given him a keen appetite: but what to him was a more delicious treat than the worthy woman's fresh-gathered fruit and mulberry wine, was the account she gave of Miss Lambart's health and safety, from whom she had only a few days before received presents, which, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, Monica said, had made her rich for life.

Again and again the earl questioned Monica respecting Miss Lambart's looks, how she employed her time, and, above all, what she had said respecting her abduction from her home; whether she knew or suspected the person who had caused her to be forced away? To the last question Monica was unable to reply. Miss Lambart had been silent on that subject; and Janet, who might have been more communicative, could speak neither Italian nor French. On this point his lordship wished to be satisfied, but could learn nothing more than Miss Lambart's narrow escape from Burke, who, with two monks, arrived at midnight,

Monica said, and almost frightened her out of her wits, only an hour or two after the lady and her servant had departed :—" But Mercy be praised !" continued she, " their wicked plot was defeated, and they had their journey and their search for their pains ; and the sweet persecuted angel is now safe from the fear of priests and convents, and in powerful and honourable protection."

Philippe had his mother's consent to act as lord Vandeleur's guide to Turin, to which place he had resolved to proceed, before he visited the valley of Cemenus ; for he had considered the wisdom of assuring himself whether the terrors of approaching dissolution had not made a coward of Lemain, and betrayed him into confessing by whom he had been employed, and his own share in forcing Miss Lambart on board the Grampus schooner. This, his lordship concluded, was necessary to be ascertained, before he sought an interview with Miss Lambart ; and that monsieur St. Albe, being a man of rank and consequence, it was proper to procure some person of distinction to introduce him, when he visited the casa St. Albe.

Philippe, rejoicing in the thought of car-

rying Miss Lambart the flowers she had so carefully prepared, with the hope of taking them to her own country, and which, in her hasty flight from the cottage, she had forgotten, and left behind her, had secured two well-conditioned mules, for his lordship and himself, and had got every thing ready for the commencement of their journey, while the earl slept away the fatigue he had undergone in walking about the streets of Nice in the heat of the day; but at the hour he had appointed to set out, a storm had come on, with rain, that brought down the mountain torrents, foaming, swelling, and enlarging the bounds of the Paglion. The earl gazed on the dark heavy clouds, and fretted at his unavoidable delay; while Monica and her son gave Heaven sincere thanks for the overflowing of the river, whose superabundant waters fertilized their rice-ground, and gave the promise of abundance.

A continued fall of rain compelled the earl of Vandeleur to remain two days at Monica's cottage, whom he at last left in equal admiration of his great generosity and his extremely bad temper, on which he laid no restraint. Monica thought the earl

the handsomest man she had ever seen, but she hoped he was not to be the husband of the delicate, gentle Miss Lambart, who did not appear at all suited to, or able to contend with, such a fiery spirit as his.

The journey to Turin was performed without danger or accident, and without eliciting much ill-humour from the earl, who, on one or two occasions, when mules were not to be procured as speedily as he wished, gave a few specimens of furious impatience, that astonished the people at the posadoes on the road.

On their arrival at Turin, the earl of Vandeleur, who was much pleased with the pleasant countenance and simple manners of Philippe, and would gladly have retained him in his service, made him such offers, as, for a moment, dazzled and bewildered the better judgment of the young man; but when nearly decided to remain with his lordship, Philippe recollected his indulgent widowed mother, who was rapidly advancing to that period of life, when his services and attentions would be more than ever needful to her; Nanette, too, the pretty good-tempered Nanette, whom he was

engaged to marry, as soon as the death or recovery of her mother set her at liberty—it was impossible he could forsake her, who relied on his promises; he therefore respectfully but firmly rejected his lordship's proposal of making him his valet, honestly and openly declaring his reasons for declining what appeared so advantageous, and so much his interest to accept.

“It is love actuates the conduct of this peasant,” thought lord Vandeleur; “and for the sake of a dimpled cheek, he will sacrifice a situation that would render him independent of labour. The earl was disappointed, for he expected that Philippe would have eagerly caught at the prospect of emolument, and a life of ease; but he could not resent a refusal for which such powerful reasons were assigned; and he gave Philippe liberal proof of his approval of his sentiments and conduct, over and above what he had agreed to pay him for his services as a guide.

The earl of Vandeleur soon established himself in an elegant mansion in the Strada di Po, purchased a splendid carriage, and engaged a suitable number of domestics:

his rank and fortune being understood, his lordship soon became an object of universal attraction; his friendship was eagerly courted, and invitations from persons of rank poured in upon him. This was exactly what the earl wished, for he learned that monsieur and madame St. Albe, with their beautiful *protégée*, Miss Lambart, frequently visited the princess Laterino, to whom he so successfully paid court, that he received an invitation to all her *soirées*, which he constantly attended, and was present at all her *conversazioni*, in the expectation of meeting monsieur St. Albe, through whose means he hoped to effect a reconciliation with his fair cousin, to whom he flattered himself he was not an object of absolute indifference, though he had given her cause to be offended at his conduct.

Lord Vandeleur had learned that indisposition had for some time prevented monsieur St. Albe from visiting Turin; but being again convalescent, he was expected to be present at a national festival the following month. While waiting for an introduction to this gentleman, his lordship's mind was far from tranquil; one hour he

laid “ *the flattering unction to his soul,*” that Lemain had not betrayed him, for madame Martynne, the captain’s wife, had spoken only of his dreadful sufferings from his broken limb; she had given no hint of his having made confession of any thing whatever relative to the young lady or her servant, saved with him from the sinking Grampus; for a disclosure of the share he had in bringing them into such imminent peril, would certainly have occasioned comments from the loquacious madame Martynne, little in accordance with the commiseration she had expressed for Lemain’s agonizing death; while the next hour he became a prey to tormenting doubt—to apprehension that his villanous secret had not expired with Lemain—and that he was fated to be held up and pointed at with hissings and execrations, as an inhuman monster, capable of the deep wickedness of plotting against the honour and happiness of a young, lovely, and innocent creature, his own relation—*Ce n’est pas pécher, que pécher en secret*, was the opinion of lord Vandeleur: but while capable of perpetrating any crime suggested by his evil pas-

sions, and for the indulgence of his libertine inclinations, he shrunk with cowardly dread from the exposure of his baseness; and his blood chilled, and his proud heart trembled, at the possibility from incurring public odium and contempt.

To dissipate the unpleasant reflections that cast a gloom upon his spirits, his lordship accompanied a party to the Italian opera, where he had not been seated many minutes, when he saw sir Philip Egerton enter an opposite box: lord Vandeleur could assign no reason for the uneasy sensations the presence of sir Philip occasioned him; they had always been on good terms, though not particularly intimate; for lady Stella had, from his first introduction to her, treated him with cold politeness, and never had accepted an invitation to any of the entertainments given by the countess at Dublin, but had attached herself to the dowager's party. The arrival of sir Philip and his lady at Turin, was by no means a pleasurable circumstance to his lordship, whose bow of recognition had been returned in a way that seemed to decline all intimacy. —“The uxorious fool,” thought the earl,

“dares not acknowledge an acquaintance, without the approbation of his starched prude of a wife; and I foresee her influence will not be in my favour; from her Miss Lambart will learn, that Percy fell by my hand; I shall be represented as a gambler and a murderer, for, doubtless, lady Stella’s Dublin correspondents have furnished her with a plentiful supply of scandalous *on dits*, which will be retailed with the embellishments of sage remarks and prudent observations, designed to warn Ada against a reconciliation with her profligate cousin. Lady Stella will have heard too of the demise of my mother, and will not fail to impress Ada with a belief that her death was occasioned by terror, at seeing her forcibly taken from her side; my wife’s insanity too, will be imputed to my bad conduct, and ill treatment of her: but even these crimes, real and imputed, may be got over, if Lemain has kept a seal on his lips—if he has made no confession, all is well.”

When his lordship again cast his eyes towards the box sir Philip had occupied, he was gone, and, he believed, had left the theatre, for he could nowhere recognise him.

After mentally wishing him and lady Stella at the bottom of the sea, he turned to his companions, who were speaking of a beautiful Milanese, the *chère amie* of the prince Alfrondi, who supported her in a style of splendour, far beyond any thing assumed by females of the first rank at Turin.

"Her casa, on the banks of the Po," said a young nobleman, "is the most romantic and delightful place imaginable; and the senora Zelida herself——"

"Lord Vandeleur may judge for himself of her beauty," interrupted another of the party, "if he will take the trouble to look to the right: the box with the gilt lattices and rose-coloured curtains is the senora Zelida's; and she is there, seated beside the prince Alfrondi, who looks old enough to be her grandfather."

The earl, as he was directed, looked towards the senora's box, but she was retiring, and he could only perceive that she was tall, and seemed elegantly formed. On expressing disappointment at not having a view of her face, his lordship was told she was to be seen almost daily driving about the city, in an open carriage, and every festival at the

cathedral—"Not," said the speaker, "that any one believes she so constantly visits the church out of devotion, or regard for the saints, but with a good-natured intention to display her person to the gaping populace, who assemble in crowds on festivals to indulge their idleness and curiosity."

The fair Italian was presently forgotten by the earl of Vandeleur, but sir Philip Egerton remained in his remembrance, and, like a spectre, haunted his imagination: from the opera he went to a bridal supper, where he drank deeply to the happiness of the wedded pair; but he could not drown the recollection of the distant formal bow of sir Philip Egerton, whose appearance at the opera he considered as ominous—the precursor of evil about to fall upon him; and this gloomy idea so possessed his mind, that it banished sleep from his pillow, and he remained some hours in a state of feverish restlessness, that rendered him, when he arose, so fretful and impatient, that his valet protested to his fellow-servants, that *milor andeleur vas, en verité, de grand diable* himself—"I have serve von marquis in my own country, and I live here at Turin

vid de duc de Chamain till he die, but I never see noting in de world like milor Vandeleur; I would as soon be von galley slave, as live vid such a temper man; he stare, stamp on de floor, and swear like de diable; I no live vid him, for double de vage."

Having, with much difficulty, owing to his own violence and impatience, finished his toilet, his lordship went to make a morning call on the princess Laterino, at whose levee he met a large assembly of the Piedmontese nobility, to most of whom he was known. After some conversation on indifferent subjects had passed, the marquise Viletta asked permission to introduce to the princess, sir Philip and lady Stella Egerton; to which her highness having given a gracious assent, she inquired of what country they were; and learning they were Irish, she minutely questioned lord Vandeleur respecting their degree of rank, their character, and their fortune.

To speak in commendation of persons he so much disliked, was extremely grating to the earl; but various reasons combined to press on his mind the policy of conciliating,

if possible, the good will of sir Philip Egerton and his lady : he therefore suppressed the malevolence that was boiling in his heart, and constrained himself to speak in high praise of their characters, and to represent them as they really were, of ancient noble family and large fortune.

The princess Laterino having satisfied herself of the eligibility of admitting the visits of sir Philip and lady Stella Egerton, inquired who was going to the casa St. Albe, where the anniversary of the marriage of monsieur and madame St. Albe was to be celebrated the following Thursday? Most of the ladies and gentlemen had received invitations, and declared their intention of paying their respects on the joyful occasion. The marquise Viletta mentioned her design of giving Miss Lambart an agreeable surprise, by taking with her sir Philip and lady Egerton, who were her very particular friends, and whose presence she was certain would be most welcome at the casa.—“ And I,” said the princess, addressing the earl of Vandeleur, “ engage your lordship to be my escort ; I know you wish an introduction to monsieur St. Albe, and a more favourable

opportunity cannot present itself; be ready, therefore, to hand me into my carriage, where a seat shall be reserved for you, to-morrow at this hour; we shall then reach the casa by dinner-time."

His lordship expressed his sense of the honour her highness conferred on him, and promised to be in attendance at the appointed time.

"Lady Stella Egerton brought letters of introduction with her from Montpellier," said the marquise Viletta, "from some relations of mine, by whom she is spoken of, as a most amiable character and delightful acquaintance: her health, it seems, was in a very precarious state when she arrived at Montpellier, but its salubrious air soon brought her about, and she became the life and charm of the first circles, among whom her loss is greatly lamented, and who speak of her great musical abilities with enthusiasm."

"Her ladyship could not bring a stronger recommendation to the favour of madame St. Albe," replied the princess; "she doats on music: Miss Lambart's captivating voice, and superior musical science, has as-

sisted to root her in the affections of madame St. Albe, who is herself a fine performer on the harp."

The comtesse Rodella declared she had neither ear nor voice, and was not very partial to music—"But notwithstanding my want of taste for the *'melody of sweet sounds,'*" said she, "I shall not fail to be at the casa, to offer my congratulations, for there is always so much to admire and to entertain, at that palace of delights, that I would not be absent on any account; besides, I am actually in love with monsieur St. Albe."

"He is not half so lively as madame," observed the marquis Roscillion.

"Nor is she so handsome as her husband," replied the comtesse Rodella.

"He always appears thoughtful, and I have sometimes thought sorrowful," rejoined madame Descartes; "and some persons have asserted, that it could be no trifling cause, that had induced a man like him to forsake his own country, with which, it is said, he holds no communication or correspondence."

"That is a strange and suspicious circum-

stance," remarked a German baron; "perhaps some crime——"

"Not unlikely," interrupted madame Descartes; "and I remember hearing my father say, that he took the name of St. Albe, when he married the heiress of the ~~domain~~."

"And what," asked the earl of Vandeleur, "is monsieur St. Albe's patronymic?"

"I have not the least recollection," replied madame Descartes, "for I was but a child when my father died."

"It could be no simple reason that would prevail on a gentleman to resign the name of his ancestors, and adopt that of a foreigner," observed the German baron: "I have frequently thought that the countenance of monsieur St. Albe was clouded with remorse, for some deed he could not forget, even in the midst of all that constitutes the pleasure and happiness of man."

"Let his deeds have been what they may," rejoined the comtesse Rodella, "monsieur St. Albe is extremely handsome, and a perfect and accomplished gentleman; and I really must take the liberty to say, that I think it a most ill-natured and illiberal con-

clusion to put upon his thoughtful manner, to suppose, because he is serious, that he must have guilt upon his mind."

"The comtesse Rodella speaks my sentiments exactly," rejoined the princess; "it was the loss of his wife and ill-health that brought monsieur St. Albe from his ~~own~~ country. I do not recollect his family name, though I have heard it, and never understood there was any secrecy or guilt attached to it. The father of his present wife would never have entrusted the happiness of his only and beloved child to his keeping, had either crime or mystery been discovered in his character. He has been fifteen years a resident among us; and, till this hour, I never heard his name mentioned but with respect and affection. Monsieur St. Albe is of a generous, noble, and charitable disposition; he has done much good in Piedmont, but I never knew of any one who complained of injury or wrong at his hands."

The baron apologized for having spoken his sentiments so freely; he certainly had never heard any thing against monsieur St. Albe's character as a gentleman: he had

not the honour of his acquaintance, and spoke merely from transient views of his person, when, perhaps, he might have been a little out of humour, or when he looked gloomy, from some disappointment, or domestic vexation, for when a man is married——”

“Very true, baron, interrupted madame Descartes; “in the married state there are vexations continually arising, to sour and disturb the very best tempers; for my part, I have nothing to say against either monsieur or madame St. Albe, or their little son, who is a beautiful child, but being an only one, will, I fear, be sadly spoiled. I have the honour to wish your highness a good morning, and much pleasure at the casa St. Albe.”

The baron at the same time made his bow to the princess, and begged leave to hand madame Descartes to her carriage.

The princess smiled and said—“It is evident the baron and madame Descartes are not invited to the casa St. Albe; but the insinuations of envy and disappointment can do no sort of injury to a character so known, and so universally beloved, as monsieur St. Albe’s.”

The levee having broken up, the earl of Vandeleur had the honour to attend the princess Laterino, in a drive on the romantic and delightful banks of the Po; and there, near the castle of Valentin, embosomed in groves of almond, bergamot, and orange trees, her highness pointed out to lord Vandeleur the casa of prince Alfrondi, which he had given to his Italian mistress, Zelida.—“The prince Alfrondi,” said her highness, “is my near relation; but at present we are at variance, on account of this Milanese adventuress, whom he found, report says, in very indigent circumstances at Genoa. She is said to be beautiful: I do not think so; but that may be prejudice: I am certain she is artful and insinuating, or she never would have been able to persuade Alfrondi, an old, and somewhat avaricious man, to allow her to dissipate his wealth in the way she does.”

They were now near the gates of the casa, from which the superb carriage of Zelida issued, drawn by Arabian horses, white as snow, covered with nets of purple and gold: but again the curiosity of lord Van-

deleur was disappointed, for a veil of rich lace shaded the face of the Italian, as her carriage whirled rapidly along.

"I hope," said the princess, "she feels a touch of modesty; I never saw her veiled before: she always seemed proud to exhibit herself to the public gaze; I have frequently been annoyed by her bold eyes staring me, with bold defiance, in the face."

The earl admired the situation and airy style of the architecture of the casa.

"I am sorry that your admiration must be confined to the outside," returned the princess, "for the interior is tastefully decorated with rare specimens of ancient sculpture, and paintings from the first masters, and with costly urns, vases, and gems, brought from all quarters of the globe. The domain is become to me unhallowed ground; though some of the pleasantest days of my youth were spent at the casa, for my parents, and those of Alfrondi, proposed to unite the family interest, by marrying me to my cousin; but I preferred a husband some years younger than the prince, and he married a German lady, who had much wealth, many amiable qualities, but very little beauty.

His wife and her new-born infant died within an hour of each other. By his marriage, Alfrondi had greatly added to his possessions, and, being, by the death of his consort, again at liberty, he quitted Piedmont, and travelled round the globe; but instead of acquiring wisdom by his acquaintance with different nations, he has returned home, to prove to his countrymen that he has prematurely fallen into dotage; for what but dotage or insanity can excuse his suffering this young artful woman to squander away his wealth, in the wanton, unrestricted way she does?"

"There is no accounting for the blind infatuation of love," replied the earl, "or the influence a beautiful woman may obtain over the heart of man."

"To lead him into folly, disgrace, and contempt," resumed the princess. "What then becomes of man's boasted reason, his strength of mind, and superior sense? If love is to plead in excuse for the folly he commits, when lengthened years ought to teach him wisdom, and the duty of setting a good example to society, let the frailty

and errors of weak woman be forgiven—let none presume to blame or despise her, when, assailed by strong temptation, she proves deficient in fortitude and forbearance.”

On their return to Turin, the carriage of Zelida again passed them. She had taken up the prince Alfrondi, a man on whose face time had marked age in legible characters, and in whose person there was nothing indicative of exalted intellect, or high rank; and it was evident to lord Vandeleur, at a single glance, that Zelida could have no inducement for accepting his protection, except his wealth.

The princess Laterino cast on her relation a look of contempt, and declared, the sight of his folly and degradation destroyed all the pleasure she should otherwise have enjoyed from her drive.

To the earl of Vandeleur this was not very complimentary; but the princess was not a young woman, and was noted for speaking what she thought.

That day, lord Vandeleur dined with a party of young men, who, with great freedom, discussed the folly of old men keeping mistresses, who never were faithful to

them, though they contrived, with consummate art, to impose on the credulity of their ancient lovers.—“For instance, that mean-looking, wrinkled, old greybeard, prince Alfrondi,” said the marquis Colonna—“is it possible that he can flatter himself that the lovely Zelida is constant to him?”

“Report declares she is,” replied count St. Mar, “and that, with exemplary fidelity, she has refused the munificent offers made her by two crowned heads, and this out of pure gratitude to prince Alfrondi, who paid her debts, and took her from a state of poverty at Genoa.”

“If this is true,” replied the marquis, “Zelida is indeed a swan among the crows; but I confess I am sceptical on this point, and will lay you any stake you will accept, that this charming piece of grateful fidelity will make an assignation with you, or me, or any of us, provided we bid high enough for the favour.”

The count St. Mar offered to lay five hundred crowns, that the fair Milanese would treat any proposal that should be made her with disdain.

The marquis Colonna accepted the bet,

observing, if she did refuse, it would be to make a merit of her fidelity with her old innamorato, with a hope of drawing him in to marry her.

The earl of Vandeleur took little part in the conversation, and appeared little interested about the wager, though he was eagerly bent on procuring, if it was possible, an interview with the fair Milanese; but he had just then other points to carry, of far greater importance than gaining the favour of the prince Affrondi's mistress—he had to reconcile himself to Miss Lambart, which he was certain would be rendered more difficult, if not impossible, to accomplish, should he be known to engage in an intrigue, or commit any flagrant act of profligacy, that might destroy the good reputation he had studied to attain and preserve since his arrival at Turin.

At a late hour his lordship returned to his own mansion, for though weary of his companions, he dreaded the solitude of his chamber, when he should be left to his own thoughts. In spite of his endeavours, the Egertons would intrude on his imagination; and so rancorous were his feelings towards them, that

he wished them snatched away by sudden death, or confined to their beds by sickness or accident, that they might be prevented from going to the casa St. Albe; for he was well assured, from sir Philip's behaviour at the opera, that the manner of Percy's death was known to them, however ignorant they might be of the contriver of Miss Lambart's abduction; and he was certain he had nothing to hope from the forbearance of lady Stella, who would rather aggravate than endeavour to soften his offences. But the introduction he had so eagerly desired was now offered him; and though he was convinced the Egertons were his enemies, to the casa St. Albe he determined to go, let victory or defeat await him. His lordship had been some time expecting letters from Ireland, and he hoped the next intelligence he should receive from the baroness Wandesford, would be of the demise of his wife, which would be the most joyful news that had ever yet reached his ear. In the midst of these thoughts and wishes, no remorse mingled—no repentance or sorrow, that he had rashly dispatched Percy, with all his unrepented sins, to a premature grave—for

the lamentable insanity of his wife he felt no touch of pity; he unfeelingly hoped to hear she was dead, no matter by what terrible means. Of his infant son he thought with pride, and reflected with pleasure that he was safe in the protection of the baroness Wandesford. Such were the waking reflections of lord Vandeleur, to whom sleep brought confused and unpleasant visions of past transactions, among which he fancied that Percy, pale and bloody as he was on the night when he shot him through the heart, sat by his side, in the carriage that was conveying him to the casa, where Zelida had appointed him to meet her; with a feeling of indescribable horror, he dreamed that the eyes of the spectre were fixed upon him; and that laying an icy hand upon his, he bade him prepare to join him in the dark regions beyond the grave, for he had not many hours to live.

The earl awoke with a shudder of horror, and was glad to see the cheerful light of a sunny morning, and to know the scenes that he had been engaged in during his uneasy sleep, were not real.

After taking more than usual pains with

his dress, lord Vandeleur, determined to be praised for punctuality, repaired, rather before the hour she had appointed, to the princess Lateroni's, where, to his astonishment, he was told that her highness had departed a full hour. Believing he must have mistaken the time she had appointed, he mentally cursed his own inattention and negligence, and was turning away, when the major domo placed a card in his hand, on which was written—"The princess Lateroni takes the liberty of advising the earl of Vandeleur to defer visiting the casa St. Albe till he receives an invitation. The princess also begs to intimate to his lordship, that when she wishes to see him at her parties, she will send him a ticket."

Foaming with rage, the earl tore the card to atoms, and flung it in the face of the major domo, who made a hasty retreat from his violence.

Returning home, almost suffocated with indignation, he sent for the marquis Colonna, whom he fixed upon to bear a challenge to sir Philip Egerton, to whom he imputed the insult he had received from the princess

Lateroni. Before he had completed the effusion of his resentment, the marquis arrived; and having listened to his lordship's statement, he said, he had no sort of objection to be the bearer of his challenge to sir Philip Egerton; but in justice to that gentleman, he must express his belief, that neither himself or his lady had at all influenced the conduct of the princess, who having desired her friend, the comtesse Dermani, who went three days since to the casa St. Albe, to mention her intention of bringing the earl of Vandeleur with her, received, late last night, monsieur and madame St. Albe's refusal to receive you. My sister, Isadora Colonna, was present, and read the letter written to the princess by the comtesse Dermani, which said, the dying confession of your lordship's valet had informed Miss Lambart of circumstances, that would for ever occasion her to consider you with terror and abhorrence, and compel her to avoid your presence, and oblige all those who professed themselves the young lady's friends, to decline your acquaintance.

"It is as I suspected then!" exclaimed the earl; "Lemain, under the fear of death,

like a coward, betrayed me; and I have lost her, after running such risks to prevent her marrying any other."

"Never grieve for that; I have lost twenty beautiful creatures, after believing they were mine, whenever it pleased me to propose for them; but I never got into the dismal about my disappointments. What does it signify? Never let the loss of a woman trouble you; there are plenty to be had."

"But not another equal to her I have lost—not another lovely, amiable, and accomplished, as Miss Lambart."

"Do the laws of your country," asked the marquis, laughing, "allow you to have two wives? for it is generally understood you are already married."

"But my wife is mad," replied the earl, "and sick; in short, she is my plague—my torment—my detestation!"

"Many of my acquaintance," said the marquis, "speak of their wives in the same way."

"I expect daily to receive an account of her death," resumed the earl; "and now when I am nearly released from my hated

bonds, I have no hope to rest upon. But I will not be insulted by this man, this monsieur St. Albe, this unknown person, who has buried his own contemptible name under that of his wife; he shall give me satisfaction. What has he to do with my conduct to Miss Lambart? I am the earl of Vandeleur, and I will instantly send him a challenge; you, marquis, will——”

“Pardon me,” said the marquis; “in this particular I cannot oblige you; monsieur St. Albe is the friend of cardinal Solerno, from whom I have expectations that will not allow me to draw his resentment upon me; besides, monsieur St. Albe would not accept your challenge; he considers duelling murder.”

“Ay, ay, the common excuse of cowards,” replied the earl, contemptuously; “he has not courage to meet face to face, as a man of honour ought, the person against whose ——”

“Neither the courage nor the honour of monsieur St. Albe are to be doubted,” interrupted the marquis; “he has boldly faced death, in fire and flood, since he has

been among us; and the first characters in church and state acknowledge—”

“No more, ~~no~~ more,” said the earl; “the name of St. Albe is offensive to my ears; I detest him, and despise his dastardly spirit; he has infected the air of Piedmont; it suffocates me; I must be gone, that I may breathe freely.”

“I shall be ~~sorry~~ to lose your acquaintance,” returned the marquis, looking, as he felt, quite indifferent about the matter; “but I think you will act properly in quitting Turin, where monsieur St. Albe has so many partisans; for after the discovery that has taken place, you will experience neglect and——”

“No!” exclaimed the earl, “I will not expose myself to such mortification; to-morrow I will turn my back on this infernal place.”

The marquis took up his hat.

“Where the devil are you going, Colonna? I will endeavour to be calm; stay and dine with me.”

“Impossible,” returned the marquis; “I am engaged to escort my sister and cousin to the casa St. Albe.”

"Damnation!" said the earl, furiously, "is every body engaged to——"

"Every person of distinction, I believe," interrupted the marquis; "there will be a prodigious assembly. Good morning, my lord; I wish you a pleasant journey."

"I thought that man my friend," said the earl, as the door closed on the marquis of Colonna; "but what dependance is to be placed on a coxcomb, a fool?"

Having settled his mind to return to Paris, he gave orders to call in his accounts from the different tradespeople with whom he dealt, and told his valet to pack up, for it was his intention to quit Turin the following day.

While lingering over a solitary dinner, a highly-perfumed billet was placed before him.—"More insults, I suppose," thought the earl, demanding of the servant in waiting from whence it came, with a design to return it unopened.

The servant said it was brought by a female, who requested it might be delivered instantly. This statement raised his lordship's curiosity. He examined the seal; it was a Cupid, with a finger on the lip;

and had for its motto, the words, "*Tout se tait.*"

His lordship opened the billet; its contents were beautifully written in a female hand, and ran thus;—"Your friends, the marquis Colonna and the comte St. Mar, have insulted me with proposals and pecuniary offers, which I have refused, with the contempt their conduct merits; with persons of their character, I have no wish to form an acquaintance. It may appear strange that I should tell you this; stranger still that I should invite you to be on the road to the castle of Valentin this night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, and promise you an interview, that has been denied to those frivolous beings, who presumed to believe they could purchase the favour of her who estimates honour and sincerity far beyond gold."

"To a certainty this assignation is made by the fair Milanese Zelida," thought the earl, as he mused over the perfumed billet; "her whom I have so often and so anxiously wished to see." Now may I laugh at the vain boasts of that fool Colonna, at the opinion of St. Mar, who believed that gra-

itude secured her fidelity to the prince Alfrondi. A week ago, I should have exulted, triumphed in this proof of Zelida's preference; now it is too late; she too will be disappointed; she will wait for me in vain; I have no time to devote to '*light-winged toys of feathered Cupid*.' I must be occupied in preparing for my departure, and my mind, rankling with indignation, is ill disposed to offer homage to female charms. Yet why should I suffer present disappointment to dash from my lips the ~~new~~ goblet offered by the hand of pleasure? why should I give way to gloom? I will attend the assignation; I will be on the road to the castle of Valentin at the appointed hour. Yes, the beauty of the Milanese shall console me for the proud rejection of Miss Lambart; and I will wreak on the hoary dotard, Alfrondi, the indignation I feel against his relation, the insolent princess Lateroni; I will persuade his beloved Zelida to resign his protection, and become the companion of my travels."

While resolving to keep the appointment, his dream suddenly started into his mind; he recollected, with sensations of

horror, that he had fancied himself on the way to the casa of Zelida, when the pale bloody form of Percy sat beside him in his carriage; he remembered the chilly touch of the spectre's hand, and the hollow tone of his sepulchral voice, while sounding on his ear the awful warning that he had not many hours to live. For some moments, the earl of Vandeleur sat meditating on the appalling vision of the night, inclined to believe it was sent by his good genius, to prevent his keeping the assignation, which was wonderfully coincident with his dream, and dreams had been frequently known to foretell strange and most unexpected events. —“ But after all,” said the earl, swallowing a large goblet of moselle, “ this is mere idle superstition; dreams are fumes of imagination, engendered by diseased thoughts, confused and mingled together; Zelida and Percy had both been in my mind before I went to sleep, and consequently became the prominent personages in my dream; I should be weaker than a woman, a downright coward, and deserve to be despised by Zelida, should I be deterred from keep-

ing her appointment by the idle phantasmagoria of my fancy."

Again he filled his goblet.—" But what if some enemy has written me this billet? Well, I will go armed, and in equal combat I fear no man; assassination is seldom heard of in Piedmont; but if I am to fall by the hands of hired ruffians, why then, Percy, here is to our meeting in the world beyond the grave!" as he spoke, he again emptied the full goblet.

Obstinacy had from childhood been the besetting sin of the earl of Vandeleur; and though his mind gave him warning of danger, he resolved to keep the appointment. During the remaining part of the day, his lordship occupied himself in settling with his tradespeople, paying off his domestics, arranging his money concerns with his bankers, and purchasing a travelling carriage for the accommodation of Zelida, whom he flattered himself he should persuade to become the companion of his wanderings.

When the cathedral clock struck the eleventh hour, the earl of Vandeleur was on the road to the castle of Valentin. The wine he had drank had heated his blood,

but it made his nerves tremulous; naturally of a fearless disposition, he now started, as the night air rustled the leaves of the aromatic shrubs that grew on his path.

He had nearly reached the outer wall of the castle, when he heard some one cough behind him; turning round, he was accosted by a boy, fantastically dressed, who said—"I have the honour to be page to a fair lady, who, if you are the earl of Vandeleur, requests you will favour her with your company."

"The favour will be done to me," replied the earl—"on, my pretty boy."

"When I have recovered breath; your lordship walked so fast, I thought I should never overtake you: now if you please, follow my steps, and I will conduct you."

"Whither, and to whom?" asked the earl.

"Have you no guess?"

"Perhaps I have; but certainty——"

"Have patience," said the boy, laughing, "and you will presently arrive at certainty." As he spoke, he unlocked a high iron gate, and admitted the earl into a wood, which was so thickly planted with trees, that the

beams of the moon, failed to penetrate the entwining branches.

After pursuing a long, narrow and intricate path, his lordship saw lights twinkling in a building at a distance. — “In that temple,” said the boy, “your goddess waits you; you can now dispense with my attendance. Go straight on, ascend the steps, and you will meet—but I will not deprive you of an agreeable surprise. Good night, my lord Vandeleur; I am tired and sleepy; and having performed my task, will away to rest.” As he spoke he ran down another path, and was instantly out of sight.

The earl was now perfectly sobered, and wished himself back at Turin; apprehensions began to crowd his mind, that his dream would prove fatally true, and that he had not many hours to live. To return was impossible; for could he retrace his way to the gate, it was too high to climb; and the boy, he remembered, had locked it, and borne away the key. He had now gained a small lawn, on which stood a temple, supported by Corinthian pillars; light streamed through the unclosed lattices, and

as he hesitated at the bottom of the steps, his mind became calmer, and more assured, for he heard the notes of a mandoline, and a female voice, singing in a plaintive tone—

“ Hark ! I hear the midnight bell,
Sleep around has cast its spell ;
But not o’er me, who wake to find
An image stamp’d upon my mind,
That will not let my eyelids close—
That still denies my heart repose.”

The strain of this irregular verse then changed, and with wild energy she sung, as if she deeply felt what she uttered—

“ This stillness is dreary,
This watching is weary—
Ah ! where does he stay ?
The night-breeze is sighing,
The moments are flying—
Ah ! why this delay ?

The earl’s vanity suggested that the impatient Zelida complained of his delay ; he hastily ascended the steps, and entered an exquisitely-adorned apartment, lit with purple lamps, that threw around light resembling the soft lustre of moonbeams. On an ottoman, beneath an open lattice, reclined a female, whose white hand rested on the strings of a mandoline. Approaching her, he said—“ Beautiful Zelida, blame

not my delay, for my soul, my wishes, have been with you, ever since I received your charming billet."

The dark glossy ringlets of Zelida hung over her face, and concealed her features; throwing them back, she arose, and with a look of appalling sternness, fixed her large dark eyes upon his face.

"What witchery is this?" exclaimed the earl, shrinking from her gaze—"Ianthé!"

"No, lord Vandeleur," replied she, surveying him with ineffable disdain, "not the wronged, despised, forsaken Ianthe, whom your mercy and humanity condemned to perpetual imprisonment—not the fond, credulous, deluded creature, you sent to fast and pray in the gloomy cells of the convent of Penitents. You behold not in me the simple peasant girl of Oglio, whom you found innocent and happy—whom you swore to love for ever—whom you seduced from virtue, and prevailed upon, with vows and flattery, to quit her aged mother, and her peaceful occupations. Perish for ever the name of Ianthe—I disclaim it! In me, perfidious wretch, you behold Zelida, the Milanese, the favourite of the rich and

powerful Alfrondi, the beloved of his heart, whom he will, in a few days, lead to the altar, and by the holy rite of marriage, invest with his titles, his honours, and his dignities."

"If such be really the case," returned the earl, smiling incredulously, "if such elevation indeed awaits you instead of reproaches I am entitled to your thanks; and you may bless the day I distinguished you among your companions on the banks of the Oglio; but for your accepting my protection, you would have still remained a peasant."

"Most blessed, most happy, had been my humble state," said Ianthe, vehemently clasping her white hands, "for then my life would have been innocent, and I should not have feared to die: but think not," continued she, her dark eyes flashing fire, "think not I am forgetful of my obligations to you—my fall from virtue—my insulted feelings, imprisonment, and distempered brain; but now the power is mine."

"Your brain is still distempered," interrupted the earl, "or you had not inveigled me hither to listen to your wild upbraidings—my time is precious! fare you well,

princess Alfrondi; command some of your people to conduct me hence."

"That taunt shall cost you dear," resumed Ianthe; "think not I will suffer you to depart, to bruit it in the ears of envious scoffers, that the bride of Alfrondi is the degraded, despised, cast-off mistress of the earl of Vandeleur."

"I depart from Turin to-morrow," said the earl, "and have no intention to acknowledge a former acquaintance with you." There was a stern determination on the brow of Ianthe, that gave him a suspicion of some evil design working in her mind.—"The past," continued he, soothingly, "cannot be recalled; I repent my youthful errors, and am sorry I cannot offer you reparation, for I have a wife: religion teaches us to forgive injuries; pardon me, bid me be gone, and I will swear never to mention our——"

"Villain!" exclaimed Ianthe, "you have sworn before, and broken your oaths. I loved you once, with all weak woman's devoted tenderness, and how did you repay it? by trampling on the warm affection of

my heart—by insult, injury, and treachery. I have suffered through you, the misery of scorn, poverty, and disgrace—think you, that any particle of love can be cherished with these remembrances? know me truly—I hate you with a deep inveterate abhorrence, and I have decoyed you hither to glut my vengeance: in a dungeon beneath this temple, you shall pass the remaining days of your life—in darkness and in solitude, you shall groan as I have groaned—you shall——”

“Not,” said lord Vandeleur, drawing a pistol from his bosom, “while I have power to liberate myself, thou female devil! on the instant, yourself conduct me safely to the gates of Turin—be silent and obey, or this,” pointing the pistol towards her, “sends you to account for all your crimes.”

In evident trepidation at this unexpected menace, Ianthe endeavoured to reach a silver bell that lay on a marble slab near her. The earl sprung forward, and seized her arm. In her struggle to release herself from his grasp, the pistol went off, and the ball entered her bosom, at the very moment

that, with her left hand, she plunged a small stiletto up to the hilt in his side.

Lord Vandeleur staggered and fell, while with a frantic laugh, Ianthe rang the bell, exclaiming—"Perfidious villain! I am revenged, for never shall the poison with which my stiletto is imbued be extracted from thy blood; for myself, I may yet live to enjoy my triumph."

When her attendants entered, she commanded them to bear the body of lord Vandeleur to the gates of Turin, and there to leave it.

One of the men who assisted to raise the body, said, "He has still life in him."

"It will soon be extinct," replied Ianthe; "and I am robbed of half my revenge, for I hoped to have held him my prisoner—to have heard what would have been music to my ears—his heart-wrung groans; but he has escaped me, and I——" Her head sunk on the ottoman—her hand, which had with desperate effort held her white robe upon her bosom, relaxed its hold—the blood gushed in a stream from the wound—and in the next moment the unfortunate guilty Ianthe was silent for ever.

The remains of the once-lovely woman being removed from the temple to her sleeping-apartment, a messenger was sent off to the Alfrondi palace, to apprise the prince of the shocking occurrences of the night. In extreme affliction the dismayed old man summoned his family physician and surgeon, and hastened with them to the casa.—The earl of Vandeleur still lived, but not the slightest hope was held out to him that it was possible he could recover, though he was informed he might linger a few days. Lord Vandeleur recollected his dream, and felt that he had neglected a warning given him by Providence; being sensible that he should shortly meet Percy, “in the regions beyond the grave,” he earnestly requested to be removed to Turin. The surgeon knew that no mortal power could save his life; he was also certain, that his lordship’s remaining at the casa was distressing to the prince, who considered him the murderer of his beloved Zelida. With the concurrence of the physician, he placed the earl in a litter, and had him removed to his mansion at Turin.

The earl of Vandeleur was anxious to appoint guardians for the long minority of his son, guardians on whose probity he could rely; and with paternal solicitude his thoughts pointed out and dwelt on sir Philip Egerton and lord Monheghan, both men of high character, and universally respected for their honourable principle. There was no time to lose, and the earl sent off to the casa St. Albe, a statement of his perilous situation, and an earnest request to see sir Philip before he expired.

Sir Philip Egerton, who pitied and lamented, while he condemned the conduct of lord Vandeleur, could not resist the affecting appeal to his humanity, made by a countryman, dying in a foreign land, destitute of friends, and surrounded by unfeeling and unconcerned strangers, whose services, though purchased, were negligently performed.

Lady Stella, full of compassion for the child, that a short time would render fatherless, agreed at once to sir Philip accepting the trust lord Vandeleur's wishes pointed out; and communicated his lordship's letter to monsieur and madame St. Albe, who

concurred in her opinion, that Miss Lambert's nerves were not sufficiently strong to bear the account of her cousin's dreadful and dangerous state. Monsieur St-Albe, the calm equanimity of whose temper was the admiration of his acquaintance, with a warmth that crimsoned his face, and sparkled in his fine melancholy-looking eyes, astonished sir Philip and lady Stella Egerton, by saying, that lord Vandeleur's life had been a continued series of crimes, oppression, and outrage; that he had lived feared and detested, and would die unlamented. — "He is a disgrace to the land of his birth, and I, one of his countrymen," said he, "shall rejoice when death has deprived him of the power to commit evil."

"St. Albe, my dear husband," said his wife, affectionately pressing his hand, "forgive his crimes; remember how severely he is punished: pray that contrition for past guilt may touch his soul, and that Heaven will have mercy on him."

"I am wrong to suffer myself to be thus moved," resumed St. Albe; "but when I remembered all that angel Miss Lambert has endured through him — how he has in-

sulted her purity, and driven her into perils—that he has exposed her to persecution, and even put her life to hazard, I have felt it difficult to suppress the indignant feelings that urged me to demand satisfaction for her wrongs; but the command of Him, who says—‘Thou shalt do no murder,’ has withheld me, and the voice of offended honour has been silenced by Christian forbearance. My friends, my Adelaide, pardon my intemperate expressions, and believe, I sincerely wish the wretched man may repent his sins, and be forgiven of Him, in whose sight the most righteous man is guilty.”

Sir Philip Egerton departed for Turin, leaving it to his lady to account for his absence, and promise his speedy return. Sir Philip found the earl of Vandeleur in a burning fever, but perfectly sensible, and grateful, when assured by sir Philip that he accepted the guardianship of his son, and would answer for the concurrence of his friend, lord Monheghan. Sir Philip was pleased to find the dying man attended by a priest, who prayed with him, and placed before him the necessity of repentance.

“ If I could live again the years of my past life,” said the earl, “ my conduct should be different. I reflect with shame and horror on the career of guilt that I have unceasingly pursued. May Heaven pardon and have mercy on me ! My poor boy will have no parents to form his mind, or place good examples before him ; for were the senses of his mother to be restored, she is totally unfit to have the direction of his youth. My amiable, virtuous cousin, Miss Lambart—but, alas ! of her I must not presume to think—I have injured her beyond the hope of pardon !”

“ Be assured,” replied sir Philip, “ Miss Lambart’s resentment will be buried in your grave, and her forgiveness will be seen in her attention to your son.”

“ Blessed comforter !” said the earl, feebly pressing the offered hand of sir Philip, “ plead for me with that angel ; tell her a dying penitent entreats her to forgive him the sorrows and the sufferings he has occasioned.”

Sir Philip promised all he desired. The lawyers were waiting to complete his lordship’s will ; recommending him to tranquil-

lize his mind, and depend on his good offices, sir Philip Egerton took his leave, promising to be with him again in the morning.

The wound made by the poisoned stiletto had assumed a frightful appearance, and was attended with agonizing pain; but while the subtle poison, inflaming his blood, seemed to run like liquid fire through his veins, with fortitude, and a precision that astonished the priest and the surgeon, who were present, the earl of Vandeleur dictated his will, which was signed and sealed; he then gave orders respecting his funeral, and having dismissed the lawyers, swallowed the medicine designed to lull his pains, and procure him necessary sleep; but the poison had seized upon his vitals, and in torments indescribable, the earl of Vandeleur expired.

The next morning sir Philip Egerton gazed with horror on his corpse; a frightful blackness covered his face, which was swollen and distorted, and no trace remained of that beauty for which he had been remarked. It was impossible to send home his remains to be interred in the tomb of his ancestors; and the earl of Vandeleur, in his

twenty-third year, was buried in the cathedral church at Turin.

Some time elapsed before Miss Lambart was made acquainted with the death of lord Vandeleur; and learned from a memoir of her life, written with her own hand, that the Italian who had nearly deprived her of existence, in the grounds of Doneraile Castle, was the person who had stabbed lord Vandeleur, at the same moment that she met her death from the accidental exploding of his pistol. Miss Lambart had been greatly shocked at hearing of the demise of the dowager countess of Vandeleur, and though she never liked the earl, her son, she lamented the manner of his death, in a way that alarmed monsieur and madame St. Albe; but while they were proposing to take her to Genoa, with a hope to divert her mind from dwelling on the past horrible occurrences, letters arrived from Ireland, bringing the joyful intelligence of the baroness Wandesford's health, whose youth seemed renewed, from the moment she was certain that her beloved Ada was alive, and in safety. On the subject of the earl of

Vandeleur's conduct, the baroness wrote with her usual forbearance and piety, praying for his reformation, and expressing a hope that he would not speedily return to Ireland, where the general feeling was strong against him, and his name held in absolute detestation. The baroness mentioned the insanity of the countess Vandeleur, which had been occasioned by two young men, who disapproved her giving an entertainment, at a time when the family were visited by such awful misfortunes, appearing at her masquerade as the spectres of two gentlemen, on whom she had bestowed more regard than was thought consistent with the character of a married woman. The young officers who had indulged themselves in this fatal frolic had left the country with their regiment, but before they went, had sent their masks and dresses to the countess Vandeleur, with an admonitory letter; but, unhappily for her, their confession and advice arrived too late, for her senses had flown, it was believed for ever.

After informing Miss Lambart of the marriages of several of her young friends, the baroness mentioned her intention to ac-

company the new-married pairs, lord and lady Monheghan, and the honourable colonel and lady Indiana Lismore, who, to prove their perfect regard and true friendship, had resolved to come to Turin, to offer in person their congratulations on her wonderful preservation, and to express their sincere gratitude to the benevolent and amiable monsieur and madame St. Albe, for the protection they had afforded her, and to bring her back to that home which had been cheerless and gloomy since deprived of the sunshine of her presence. This most affectionate letter was accompanied by an unlimited power to draw upon the principal banking-house at Turin.

When Miss Lambart communicated the contents of the baroness Wandesford's letter to monsieur and madame St. Albe, it affected them with sorrow, which pained, while it convinced Miss Lambart of the sincerity of their regard. St. Albe, with much emotion, pressed her hand; and fearing to betray the weakness that was rushing to his eyes, silently left the room; while madame, folding her to her bosom, wept, and said—

"Sweet Ada, dear child of my affection, how can we part from you?"

"Why where is she going?" asked Ronaldo, the young heir of St. Albe, leaving his playthings, and looking with an inquiring eye into the face of his mother. "Why do you both weep?—what is the matter?—where is my sister Ada going, mamma?"

"To her own country, my love; our dear Ada is about to leave us."

"Do not weep, mamma," resumed Ronaldo, "for I will go with her, and bring her back. Janet says that Ireland is a finer country than this, and I should very much like to see Ireland. Sister Ada, shall I go with you?"

Miss Lambart fondly kissed the snowy forehead of the lovely boy, and said—"We will talk of that another time, my love."

"And why not now?"

"Because I must wait the arrival of friends: it will be some time before I depart."

"Some time! a day or two, or a week—tell me how long?"

"Very long, I hope," replied his mother. "Go, Ronaldo, and ask Janet to take you with her to Francelia's cottage; she is going

thither with wine and jelly for her sick daughter."

Ronaldo, though not willing to depart without Miss Lambart's promise to take him with her to Ireland, obeyed the command of his mother, and repaired to the hall, where he found Janet and the major domo in earnest discourse.—"I am just for all the world like a person that is bit by a mad dog," said Janet, "for I hate the sight of water: it is a great pity that one cannot go to Ireland by land."

"As you have such a dread of going to sea," replied the major domo, "you had better make up your mind to remain here."

"What, among the French foreigners? No, thank you; I cannot, for the life of me, learn to talk the lingo that the mounseers and marmasels chatter as fast as if their tongues were oiled; I cannot think, mounseer, how you, that was born in Ireland, managed to pick it up."

"I have lived in this country a long time," replied the major domo.

"Yes, I remember you told me so before, and that you had lived more than twenty years with mounseer St. Albe."

“And I hope to remain with him till my death,” said the major domo, “for he is the noblest of men, and the best of masters.”

“But I wonder, for all that,” replied Janet, “that you have no wish to go back to your own country.”

“This is my country,” replied the major domo; “wherever my master dwells is my home.”

“I am sure I love my lady,” said Janet, “and it would be wicked and ungrateful in me if I was to deny that she has always been kind and good to me; but home is home, after all, mounseer; and I long to go back to my own dear Ireland, where there is plenty of fine, tall, healthy-looking men—not like these thin yellow-faced foreigners. I have not seen a man among them that I should like for a husband.”

“Oh, then it is for the sake of a husband you are so anxious to return to Ireland?”

“No, not exactly that neither; I wish to see my poor old mother, who does not know what has become of me; and to see all my old friends and acquaintance, and make them stare at my being lost at sea, and being nearly made a nun.”

“ A nun ! ” repeated the major domo. “ Why you would have turned the heads of the sisterhood with the thoughts of fine tall men.”

“ Thank goodness I escaped being sent to a convent,” resumed Janet, “ though I fell into great peril and danger.”

“ Why what happened to you, Janet ? ” asked Ronaldo, who was attentively listening to her “ *hair-breadth 'scapes*.”

“ What happened ! terrible things, I assure you, sir ; I was half devoured by a ravenous wolf, and after that I was dragged by the brigands to an underground prison.”

“ But if you was lost at sea,” asked the child, “ how did you find your way hither ? and if you was half devoured by a wolf, how did you grow into a whole woman again ? ”

“ Oh, sir, I only speak in a meterphorical manner,” replied Janet.

“ Meterphorical ! I do not understand that word,” said Ronaldo. “ Papa is coming this way—I will go and ask him to tell me what meterphorical means.”

“ How very inquisitive that child is !—it is really very troublesome ; but being the

only one, he is ruined with indulgence. I shall teach my children not to ask questions."

"Then you will do wrong," replied the major domo; "if children are not allowed to ask questions, how are they to gain information. But your children!" repeated he, looking rather sternly at her; "why sure you have not children in Ireland?"

Janet coloured, and bridling with a proud air, said—"No, mounseer, I only spoke about how I would manage my children when I had them;" I never gave any body reason to say a word against my character, and I think it very impertinent of you to be so ill-behaved as to ask a young woman such a rude, undelicate question."

"Nonsense, child, nonsense!" returned the major domo; "I did not mean to offend you; besides, being many years older than you, and your countryman, I have a right to inquire."

"Inquire me no inquiries," said Janet, angrily; "I was beginning to take a liking to you, but now—— Right, indeed! and pray what right have you to trouble yourself about my concerns? I have lived with Miss Lambart since we were both little

children, and as long as she is satisfied with my conduct, that, I should think, is quite sufficient; and I do not see why you, a stranger, though you may be from Ireland, should take the liberty to——”

“Very true,” interrupted the major domo, who saw she was getting in a passion; “I beg your pardon; but you are too hasty, Janet, and take affront where none is intended; come, give me your hand, and let us be friends.”

“Well,” replied Janet, “as you have begged my pardon; I forgive you: there is my hand; you shall not have it to say I am sulky as well as hasty. Now I must go and see after the things I am to take to Francelia’s cottage; I wonder if I shall meet mounseer Blois on the way? Dear me, what an ugly bonnet this is! and I thought Miss Lambart looked quite beautiful in it; but it does not become me a bit; the poke is so large it hides all my face.”

“Never mind that,” said the major domo, “it will keep the sun from burning you; and it is as well not to shew your face to Blois.”

“Why he is a very civil young man,”

returned Janet, "and good-looking too, for one of your French foreigners; and nobody can be more polite, for when he meets me at the bottom of the grove, he always holds the gate open for me to pass through, and bows, and lays his hand upon his heart, and fetches a long deep sigh; I am very sorry I cannot tell what he says, for he talks a great deal, and I dare say it is all about love."

"It is all the better you do not know what he says," replied the major domo: "Blois bears a very bad character, Janet, and I warn you to beware of him."

"Beware of him!" repeated Janet; "Blois will never be any thing to me, I promise you; why I would just as soon marry a dumb man, as a husband that speaks what I can never understand."

"Blois has no intention of marrying you, take my word for it," said the major domo. "but you are young, and not bad looking, and he may have worse designs; but I shall speak to Blois, and tell him you can open the gate for yourself, and do not want his assistance, and that he may take his smiles and his bows elsewhere, and that if I catch him near the grove, I will break his bones."

The major domo was sent for by his master. Janet tied on her bonnet, and laughing to herself, said—"I believe, in my conscience, the major domo is jealous of mounseer Blois, who is certainly in love with me; what a pity I cannot make out what he says! it is not every girl though, that can boast she has two strings to her bow."

Janet, elated at the thought of having two admirers, pursued her way to Francis's cottage, to whom she delivered the good things sent by the charitable madame St. Albe, and returned immediately, for Janet loved to talk, and there was no person at the cottage with whom she could make out a conversation. As usual, she found Blois politely waiting to open the gate; Janet thanked him, and smiled, which encouraged him to squeeze her hand. Supposing what he said was a declaration of love, she suffered him to walk beside her, till they entered the grove that led to the back of the casa; here he attempted to kiss her, a freedom that Janet repulsed.

Blois laughed at her denial, and pointing to an alcove, attempted to draw her to-

wards it. Janet remembered the warning given her by the major domo, and began to suspect that Blois had evil designs; she struggled to release her hand, but she might have struggled in vain, had not the major domo and monsieur St. Albe appeared at a distance. At the sight of them, Blois made a precipitate retreat; and Janet, ashamed of having given encouragement to a man who bore a bad character, hastened to the casa, determined she would never again go out alone: but in a few days her fears respecting Blois were at an end, for the major domo informed her that he was married to Francelia's daughter, whom he had seduced, and whose illness had been occasioned by his desertion; that monsieur St. Albe had stocked a farm for the unfortunate girl, as a marriage portion, and had promised Blois to be a friend to him, provided he treated his wife with kindness, to secure whose domestic comfort, he had made it a condition of his future favour, that her mother should reside with them.

"And is the farm on the St. Albe domain?" asked Janet.

"No," replied the major domo, "it is

five leagues off; so now, child, you will have to open the gate yourself."

"So much the better," thought Janet, but she had wit enough to keep her own imprudence, and the rude behaviour of Blois, to herself; for the major domo, though many years older than herself, was a fine-looking man. He was rich, she was certain; and she believed he was in love with her, or why did he trouble himself so much about her, and make so many inquiries about her mother and her relations?—"It is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave;" and if," said Janet, the major domo should offer to marry me, I do not think I shall refuse, much as I wish to go back to Ireland."

Miss Lambart had always been distinguished for simplicity of dress, and since her abode at the casa St. Albe, she had adopted the becoming costume of the young Piedmontese peasants, a pale green petticoat, and white muslin jacket, with a gold cross hanging from her bosom, her luxuriant tresses confined under a silk net, ornamented on one side with a spray of passion-flowers, or a bunch of fragrant jessamine.

In this dress she looked so beautiful, that madame St. Albe, who excelled in portrait-painting, took a full-length likeness of her, and presented it to lady Stella Egerton, to adorn her boudoir at Turin.

With the young Ronaldo in her hand, and attended by Janet, Miss Lambart frequently visited the cottages in the vicinity of the casa, where the peasants, comforted in sickness by her piety, and assisted in their misfortunes by her bounty, beheld her as the angel of mercy and charity, and were almost ready to kneel and worship her. But there was one cottage, pleasantly situated between the roads leading to Turin and the village of Doria, at the bottom of the valley of Cemenus, that more attracted and interested the feelings of Miss Lambart than all the rest; it was the humble quiet residence of a blind aged man, who had been a soldier, and had outlived all his relatives, except one, a granddaughter, scarcely ten years old. This child, of a grave and thoughtful turn, lived with and took care of Arnaud, now getting infirm in his limbs, though in full possession of his mental faculties: the old man's uncomplaining en-

duration of his great calamity, his placid temper, and the unremitting attention of his little attendant, who kept his person and his cottage in a state of cleanliness and order, surprising at her years, won the regard of Miss Lambart, who seldom let a day pass, without taking something necessary for the support and comfort of the old man and his granddaughter, whom Janet instructed to use her needle, while her mistress read portions of scripture to the blind soldier, that strengthened his faith and his patience, and inspired him with hope, that after death he should see and enjoy the glories of a better world.

One day, being seated with the old man under the shade of a cork-tree, that grew beside the cottage, listening to Ronaldo translating to Janet a Piedmontese legend he had been reading, Miss Lambart heard the sound of approaching wheels, and presently saw an English travelling carriage, attended by several outriders, pass by.

Ronaldo was attracted by the magnificent equipage, and leaving his tale half untold, came and leaned on Miss Lambart's knee; and was expressing his wish, that his

papa would give him a fine English horse, like one of those that had just passed by, when a gentleman rode up to them, and inquired whether the carriage had taken the way to Turin, as he perceived there was another road, in nearly the same direction.

Miss Lambart blushed, and became so confused at the earnest gaze the stranger fixed upon her, that her words were inarticulate; while Ronaldo, feeling no embarrassment, and hearing no reply given to the desired information, said—"Yes, sir, the carriage has taken the road to Turin."

"I thank you, my sweet boy," said the stranger, turning again into the road, where he paused, to cast a long lingering look on the fair creature seated under the cork-tree.

"What is the matter with you, sister Ada," asked Ronaldo, "that you did not answer the gentleman's question? are you ill?"

"Now mercy forbid," said the old man, "I hope you have not received a stroke of the sun! Sinner that I am, I ought not to have sat here, exposing you to such danger."

"Be not alarmed," replied Miss Lambart

"I did feel rather unwell; but I am now much better, and will return to the casa. To-morrow, my good friend, I hope to see you again."

"Heaven grant it!" ejaculated the old man.

"Come hither, Theana," resumed Miss Lambart; "come and take my seat beside your grandfather, and do not suffer him to believe I am ill; I was seized a little oddly, but——"

"And the strange gentleman," interrupted Ronaldo, "I think he was seized a little oddly too, for he blushed as deeply as you did, and trembled so, that he could not draw on his glove; and he looked so at you, sister Ada."

"That was because he thought me very silly, or very uncourteous, that I did not answer his question," replied Miss Lambart. "Good evening," laying her white hand on the brown shrivelled one of the old soldier; "good night, Arnaud; sleep tranquilly, and have no fears for my health."

On her return to the casa, Miss Lambart replied, with her usual sweetness, to the

questions and observations of Ronaldo; but Janet could perceive she was agitated, though she did not appear to be ill; and she was curious to find out what there was in the strange gentleman to occasion such emotion.

The self-control to which Miss Lambart had accustomed herself, was this evening painfully exerted; a thousand times she wished for the presence of lady Stella Egerton, that she might confess to her the weakness that still remained unvanquished in her heart. In the presence of monsieur and madame St. Albé, she concealed her tumultuous feelings, but when alone, she blushed, and wept, and smiled, and hoped, and feared, for in the stranger she had beheld him on whom her young affections had been so long and hopelessly fixed, Lionel Dorrington, whom she had so fervently prayed to see. Of her person she knew he could have no recollection; but on her heart his features, in a dying state, as she then thought, had made an impression never to be effaced.

The colonel and lady Mary Wingfield had accompanied Mr. Dorrington on his

promised visit to Ireland, where they experienced disappointment, and much concern, at finding sir Philip Egerton had been compelled to remove his lady to a warmer climate, where, after making the tour of Ireland, they proposed to join them. Through the honourable Mr. Carleton, to whom colonel Wingfield was known, the English party were introduced to the baroness Wandesford, who was then in severe affliction, respecting the mysterious fate of Miss Lambart. From the disconsolate baroness, and her numerous friends, Mr. Dorrington learned the amiable character of Miss Lambart, and was informed how greatly she excelled in every graceful and elegant accomplishment. Colonel Wingfield had told him of her uncommon loveliness, and had so often pointed her out as a bride exactly suited to his taste, that he had come to Ireland almost on purpose to see her, of whom his friend spoke in such high praise; but unfortunately arrived only to hear her universally lamented. By the baroness Wandesford he was shewn a portrait of Miss Lambart; and it was the perfect

recollection of this picture, so beautiful and interesting, that had occasioned Mr. Dorrington's emotion, when he stopped at the soldier's cottage to inquire respecting the road to Turin, and beheld the original of the resemblance that constantly remained in his memory, whose existence her friends in Ireland considered doubtful, and whom he had no expectation of meeting in Piedmont; to which country himself and party had followed sir Philip and lady Egerton from Montpellier, whither having learned they had been some time stationary there, they had proceeded from Ireland to join them.

On entering the boudoir of lady Stella Egerton, Mr. Dorrington was instantly struck with the portrait of the beautiful young peasant, whose image had, in spite of pride and reason, clung to his memory and his heart.—“This is wonderful!” exclaimed he; “did you ever meet with—do you know—the original of this picture?”

“Perfectly,” replied lady Stella; “she is my most intimate friend.”

“Your friend! can it be possible? is she not a peasant?”

"She is a lady of high rank," returned lady Stella; "the heiress of immense wealth; and, better than this, she is rich in every virtue that should adorn a female—lovely, sensible, and accomplished."

Mr. Dorrington's emotion did not escape lady Stella, but she suffered him to recover himself. He gazed on the picture for some moments, and then said—"I met the original of this picture, in the exact dress, sitting with an old man, at a cottage door in the valley of Cemenus, where the road verges off to Turin."

"At the door of old blind Arnaud; she at present resides in the valley, at the casa St. Albe."

"At present!" repeated Mr. Dorrington; "is she not a native of the valley?"

"No; the lady who sat for this picture is my countrywoman."

"A native of Ireland!" said Mr. Dorrington; "and unmarried?"

Lady Stella smiled, and replied in the affirmative.

"And her name?"

"Amanda Lambart."

Mr. Dorrington started—"Can it be pos-

sible?" exclaimed he; "the beloved, admired, lamented, lost Miss Lambart! but where so long concealed? how found?"

"Sit down, compose your spirits, and you shall hear the tale of sufferings and persecutions this angelic creature has endured." Lady Stella then related all that had befallen Miss Lambart, from the time she was forced from the side of the dowager countess Vandeleur, to her arrival at the casa St. Albe."

Mr. Dorrington listened with wonder, horror, and admiration. When the eventful narrative was concluded, he said—"Can she, so worthy to be loved, have a disengaged heart?"

"I have frequently heard her say she will never marry," replied lady Stella.

"If I cannot win her to revoke that resolve—if I cannot prevail on her to bless me with her hand—if this angel refuses to be mine, I swear——"

"Do not swear, cousin Lionel," said lady Mary Wingfield, 'whose ear caught his last words as she entered the boudoir; "it is an ungentlemanly and naughty practice. I have made the colonel promise to leave it

off entirely. Upon my word, I admire this city of Turin exceedingly. To-morrow, I understand, is a national festival, and all the churches will be gorgeously decorated. I am impatient to visit that fine ancient building, the cathedral."

"I am more impatient to visit the casa St. Albe," replied Mr. Dorrington.

"Take patience—the family from the casa dine here to-morrow."

"It is an age till to-morrow, lady Stella; for time," said Mr. Dorrington, "will seem to creep with a snail's pace till she arrives."

"Why I did not believe there was a she in the world that you cared a straw for," rejoined lady Mary; "and much as I supposed myself in your confidence, I find there is a she about whom you are solicitous, and for whose arrival you are impatient. I have a good mind to be offended; but I will forgive you, if you will tell me what she is like."

"A beautiful woman," replied Dorrington.

"Then it is plain you did not think very highly of my beauty," returned lady Mary; "for so far from expressing impatience on my account, you refused me."

"I deny the charge, Mary—it was you that refused me."

"For which I am infinitely obliged to ~~me~~," said colonel Wingfield, who was ushered into the apartment by sir Philip Egerton, and was advancing to the sofa on which the ladies were sitting, when his eye was caught by the 'full-length picture—
"What an exact resemblance of that lost angel, Miss Lambart!" said he, stopping to admire it.

"She is found—she lives!" replied Dorrington.

"And will dine with us to-morrow," said sir Philip Egerton.

"No thanks to you, Lionel," rejoined lady Mary, "I have found out your secret—Miss Lambart is the she for whose arrival you are so impatient."

"And who will be his wife," said colonel Wingfield, "or I am no seer; he has long been in search of a phoenix, and, lo! after much toil, and long travel, he unexpectedly finds the rare bird in a fertile valley in Piedmont."

CHAP. III.

And oh! the first unbosoming of young souls,
 The first gush of that ever-springing tide, which rolls,
 When it hath found a channel where to glide,
 On to the sea of heaven, that stretches before it wide :—
 That is an hour, a life, an intense life ;
 The essence of eternity, a minute rife
 With bliss, which could man hoard it, would suffice
 To satiate his utmost avarice,*
 And sweeten this world's bitter cup of tears,
 Through the old patriarch's centuries of years. D'OLIGNE,

.....

Hope treads but shadowy ground at best.

MARCIAN COLONNA.

.....

I must speak that, which in its darkest hour,
 Push'd to extremity, midst ringing dizziness,
 The ear of desperation doth receive,
 And thou must listen to it. JOANNA BAILLIE.

.....

————— Around me,
 All seems like the dark mingled mimicry
 Of feverish sleep, in which the half doubting mind,
 Wildered and weary, with a deep-drawn breath,
 Says to itself, shall I not awake ? JOANNA BAILLIE.

THERE is no period in the whole lengthen-
 ed existence of man, so exquisitely delight-
 ful as that most blissful one, when loving,

and certain of being beloved, no obstacles appear to impede or disappoint his high-
-rised wishes—when the present is all joy-
ous expectation, and not a cloud seems to
hang a dark shadow on the future—when
he hopes to attach to himself, by the holiest
and dearest of ties, a being, in whose pu-
rity, truth, and affection, he can rely with
perfect and entire confidence, and whose
virtue is the bond and seal of his future
happiness. Such was the undoubting con-
fidence, such were the ecstatic feelings and
hopes of Lionel Dorrington and Amanda
Lambart; they met, were introduced, and
every interview confirmed their approval of
each other; for their young hearts found in
each other its counterpart; their tastes were
similar, and their dispositions alike humane
and liberal; their rank and fortune were
equal; and no impediment seemed likely to
arise to prevent an union, which appeared
certain to constitute the happiness of both.

Mr. Dorrington acknowledged to colonel
Wingfield, that Miss Lambart was the phœ-
nix he had sought, and that he hoped to
bear her home, to be the pride and orna-

ment of Woodville¹ Priory, to cherish and be cherished by his beloved mother.

After a short acquaintance, Mr. Dorrington declared the respectful and tender sentiments she had inspired, and made proposals of marriage to Miss Lambart, which, with modest frankness, she consented to accept, provided the baroness Wandesford approved and gave her sanction to their union, of which not the smallest doubt was entertained; for the venerable lady, when he was in Ireland, had often expressed her admiration of the fine person, superior understanding, and gentlemanly manners, of Mr. Dorrington, to his cousin, lady Mary Wingfield, and lamented that her beloved Ada, her lost child, had not known him, believing that he would have been likely to remove her often-expressed resolve, never to marry.

Letters were dispatched to the baroness Wandesford, and to the mother of Mr. Dorrington. And now Miss Lambart might have said with Othello—

“ I feel
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another transport like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate.”

Certain of the affection of him she had so long and hopelessly loved, she would have yielded up her mind entirely to happiness, but for an alteration in the manner of monsieur St. Albe, that gave her secret uneasiness. Always of a serious and contemplative turn, from the hour of his introduction to Mr. Dorrington, he had become absolutely melancholy; and it was a rare occurrence indeed to see a smile irradiate his countenance. The mingled feelings of confusion and delight which had attended her own introduction to the English party, had prevented Miss Lambart from taking notice of what was observed by every other person present—that monsieur St. Albe had turned ashy pale at the name of Dorrington; that his lips quivered, and his whole frame shuddered, as if he had come in contact with some venomous reptile; but presently recovering composure, and his natural urbanity, he seemed pleased with the deportment, and interested by the conversation of the noble-looking and intelligent young man.

St. Albe and madame remained at Turin only a few days; but Miss Lambart, yield-

ing to the solicitation of sir Philip and lady Stella Egerton, and the wishes of her own heart, prolonged her visit, and so charmed and won by her loveliness of person, her sweetness of temper, and various accomplishments, the admiration and esteem of colonel and lady Mary Wingfield, that they allowed, and declared she alone was worthy to be the bride of their highly-valued Lionel Dorrington.

When the party met again at the casa, the same change of countenance and emotion was visible in St. Albe, when he shook the offered hand of Dorrington, as he had before betrayed; but it was satisfactorily accounted for, by madame observing, that her husband had long been suffering with nervous attacks; that for the last week he had been extremely unwell, and was still so weak, that she wished him to call in his physician.

St. Albe smiled faintly, and said—"There is thunder in the air, and it always affects my head."

Mr. Dorrington was at first astonished and offended at the manner of St. Albe towards him; but having learned from his

friends that he was a man of most estimable character, though of unequal moods, and rather eccentric, he reconciled himself to meet sometimes with repulsive coldness, but oftener with cordiality from St. Albe, and became, at the request of madame, a frequent visitor at the casa. But while happiness glowed in the hearts, and beamed in the eyes of Miss Lambart and her lover, St. Albe became more depressed; he would sometimes gaze on the youthful pair, till his eyes overflowed with tears; and often when they sang together duets, expressive of faithful attachment, he would suddenly quit the apartment, as if seized with mortal agony.

His gentle, amiable wife always apologized for his strange behaviour, by saying, in the early part of his life he had been thrown from his horse, and received a hurt, which had ever since, at times, affected his head with intolerable pain; but as she had no reason to believe his affliction was attended with danger, she entreated her friends would kindly suffer his conduct, and frequent retirement from their society, to pass unnoticed.

The majestic form, the noble and benevolent countenance of St. Albe, the high estimation in which he was held by all ranks in Piedmont, from the prince to the peasant, together with his extensively-informed mind, and refined conversation, had won the regard and respect of Lionel Dorrington, who, with Miss Lambart, felt with deep concern the indisposition that deprived them so frequently of his company, and madame St. Albe's, who, with the affectionate solicitude and duty of a wife, never left him when his unhappy infirmity obliged him to retire from his guests.

Accompanied by the prattling Ronaldo, who had become a great favourite with Mr Dorrington, the lovers walked and rode over every part of the St. Albe domain, where classic taste had improved its natural beauties, by placing groups of statues on the brink of fountains, and near grottoes, by erecting arches and obelisks at the termination of vistas, to commemorate some virtuous or glorious action, and by raising temples in the midst of groves of aromatic trees, where the rich scarlet pomegranate, the yellow-flowered bergamot, and the pink and

white almond, with roses, jessamine, and myrtles, mingling their many-tinted blossoms and fruits, made fragrant offerings of their glowing and luxuriant garlands.

A storm coming on in the evening of a day Mr. Dorrington had passed at the casa, he was pressed by madame to remain, in which invitation, St. Albe being more composed and cheerful than usual, cordially joined. St. Albe was particularly fond of music, and in the hope of amusing him, Miss Lambart requested Mr. Dorrington to sing. Turning over a music-book, she selected for him a song he had that morning admired, and sat down to the piano-forte, at his desire, to accompany him—

“ Farewell, my native land, a long farewell ;
The anchor's up, why do I lingering stay ?
Wide in the favouring breeze the white sails swell,
Farewell, farewell, I must at once away !

“ How swift from land the gallant vessel steers !
Woods, meads, and hills, are fading from my sight ;
But while I strive to laugh away my tears,
My heart feels dark, as is the starless night.

“ Away, regret ! and now to brave the world
With stern resolve, and feelings buried deep,
That ne'er again, wherever I am hurl'd,
Shall wake from apathy's benumbing sleep.

“ Deep let me drink of full oblivion’s wave ;
Again, and deeper, I’d the draught renew :
The pang is past, and now my heart is brave—
Farewell, my native land, farewell to you !”

As the last strain was breathed by the rich manly voice of Dorrington, a groan, deep and hollow, burst from the lips of St. Albe, and pale as monumental marble, his cheek sunk on the shoulder of his wife, who, too much affected to attempt an apology, silently led him from the apartment, leaving Dorrington and Miss Lambart to regret his frequent attacks, and to express their fears that he would not live long to bless his wife and son, or to be the friend and benefactor of the poor and unfortunate. In laying plans for future happiness, the hours of evening flew away, and the lovers separated, to renew in dreams their vows of love and fidelity.

The next morning St. Albe was better, and appeared at the breakfast-table. After partaking of the morning repast, Dorrington, with the promise of a speedy return, departed for Turin. The conversation naturally turned on him; and madame St. Albe joined Miss Lambart in commending his person, his understanding, and, above

all, the excellence of his heart, which was evinced by the affectionate and respectful way in which he always spoke of his mother, whom he seemed to consider as a being of superior order.

“Lady Mary Wingfield,” said Miss Lambart, “describes Mrs. Dorrington as a very beautiful woman, of strong mind, and pensive character, who being left a widow when in the bloom of youth, has rejected several advantageous offers, for the sake of devoting herself entirely to forming the mind, and attending to the education of her only and almost-idolized son, who has rewarded her care with a filial devotion, seldom equalled, never surpassed—always paying obedience to her will, and sacrificing his own wishes to hers.

In reply to this eulogium, monsieur St. Albe observed—“Hitherto Mr. Dorrington has been the favourite of fortune; he has never known what disappointment means—what sacrifices can have been demanded from him by a doting mother, who as yet has had no reason to place her will in opposition to his wishes; but should a time arrive, when she shall disapprove the earnest

desire of his heart, how will he then conduct himself?"

"Always, I am certain," replied Miss Lambart, "with a dutiful submission to her wishes. Yes, I am certain Mr. Dorrington will acquiesce in all things with the will of his mother, even to the sacrifice of his most dear and cherished hopes."

"And you, my sweet Ada," asked St. Albe, his face crimsoned with emotion, and with an energy she had never before witnessed in his manner, "and how would you believe, should circumstances arise to prevent your marriage with this deserving young man, if his mother should disapprove, and Mr. Dorrington himself withdraw from his engagement?"

These unexpected questions alarmed Miss Lambart; she changed colour, and tears filled her eyes; but recovering self-possession, she calmly and firmly replied—"Mr. Dorrington is the chosen and approved of my heart and reason—the only man I ever loved, or ever can love; but if it is the will of Heaven to separate us, I trust I shall bear my agonizing disappointment as a

Christian ought, with unmurmuring patience and submission."

St. Albe pressed his lips on her white forehead, and exclaiming—" Angelic child! excellent creature! I am not deceived in thee," abruptly left the room.

The tears Miss Lambart had restrained gushed from her eyes, and eased the apprehensive pang that had oppressed her heart; then smiling at her own weakness, she said—" Monsieur St. Albe has probed me severely; I began to fear he had received some unpleasant intelligence."

" No letters have arrived to-day," replied madame St. Albe.

" Mr. Dorrington's statement, that his mother will never interfere in his choice of a wife," resumed Miss Lambart, " has been confirmed by colonel and lady Mary Wingfield; I know not why, but the observations and questions of monsieur St. Albe have awakened fears, that make me sick at heart; though I know not what I have to apprehend; to my rank and fortune there can be no objection."

" And for 'yourself,'" said madame St. Albe, " you, Ada, are a jewel, with which

a monarch might be proud to decorate his crown."

"Yours, dear madam," replied Miss Lambart, "is a flattering opinion; you behold my humble merits with a partial eye. Few women," continued she, with a gentle sigh, "are worthy to be the wife of Lionel Dorrington; yet to be considered unworthy would be the worst and greatest misfortune that could possibly befall me: but I will not anticipate disappointment; in a few days we may expect letters, that will decide my fate; they will confirm my happiness, or——"

"Do not say misery," interrupted madame St. Albe; "long years of felicity are, I trust, in store for you; and with this hope, let all uneasy doubts and fears subside. St. Albe and his son, I see, are preparing for a ride; come with me, Ada, to my dressing-room—while they are absent, I will keep my promise, and relate to you the history of the unfortunate Giueseppe."

When seated in her dressing-room, madame St. Albe threw open the doors of a richly-inlaid cabinet.—"Look at this, Ada," said she; "do you recognise this portrait?"

It was that of a young handsome man,

with dark eyes, full of intelligence and spirit, and a mouth of peculiar graciousness. —“It is himself,” said Miss Lambart, “the noble-minded, generous, and alas for him! the erring *Giuesppe*.”

“And this,” resumed madame St. Albe, with a sigh, and look of sorrow, shewing her the portrait of a beautiful young female, in the costume of a nun,—“this was the beloved of his heart—my ill-fated sister, *Constantia*.”

“Whom he still loves and laments,” said Miss Lambart. “Ah, why were hearts so attached condemned to wretchedness?—why were they separated?”

“You shall hear,” replied madame St. Albe. “My mother, *Ermina Valentia*, was the youngest daughter of a Genoese comte, and was, from her infancy, designed to be a nun, with which destination she had in her childhood been made acquainted, and had grown up contented and satisfied with the knowledge that her future days were to be passed in a convent.

“The comte *Valentia*’s sister, a proud and bigotted woman, was the abbess of the convent of *White Nuns*, and had the power

to name her successor. Ermina was like her aunt in person, and, alas! too much so in disposition; this similarity made her a favourite, and procured her indulgences that rendered the convent a pleasanter home to Ermina than the palace of her father.

“Ermina had just entered on her novitiate, when she was permitted to be present at an entertainment given in honour of the marriage of her elder sister. In this gay and splendid scene, the plain unadorned robe and white veil of the young novice attracted much notice: the comte St. Albe, a young, rich, and powerful nobleman, beheld her with admiration; he conversed with her, and discovered, that though content to take the veil, she had no dislike to the world; and that it was obedience to her family, not any particular religious bias, that made her devote herself to the cloister.

“The pity the comte expressed, that a creature so beautiful, so formed to adorn the world, should be condemned to pass her life in a convent, made a deep impression on the mind of Ermina, and caused her to be dissatisfied with her destination; the parlour of the abbess now looked gloomy,

and her own narrow sleeping-chamber, with its bare walls and wooden crucifix, cheerless and uncomfortable ; while the wildest dreams of splendour and St. Albe occupied the hours of sleep.

“ In the mean time, the comte St. Albe had become seriously in love with the beautiful novice, whom he resolved to rescue, if possible, from what he considered the severe life-long penance of being a nun. Charmed with the engaging innocence of her ingenuous mind, as much as with the loveliness of her person, he declared his passion for her to the comte her father, and earnestly entreated, and called in the persuasions of many great and noble friends, to prevail on him to take her from the convent, and allow her to become his bride. The comte Valentia was no bigot ; neither had he used argument or compulsion to induce his daughter to take the veil ; it had hitherto been as much her choice as his wish. My grandfather was not rich, and in consigning Ermina to the care of his sister the abbess, he believed he was promoting her spiritual and temporal happiness ; neither was he so destitute of ambition, as not to be aware of

the advantages that would accrue to himself and family by consenting to the proposals of comte St. Albe, whose eloquence soon prevailed. No objection could be made to his alliance, for he was of the Doria family, the first and noblest in Genoa; and his domain in the valley of Cemenus was considered the richest in Piedmont. When my mother was taken from the convent to become the bride of the comte St. Albe, her aunt the abbess was filled with horror and indignation, and expressed her rage and disapprobation in no saintly terms, but in a way that terrified the timid spirit of her niece, on whom she poured an abundance of bitter reproaches and evil wishes, which, though they did not deter her from bestowing her hand on the comte St. Albe, poisoned her whole life with their recollection, and filled her mind with a superstitious dread, that brought on the family a heavy calamity.

“ In the first four years of their marriage, my parents lost three sons, a misfortune my mother superstitiously imputed to the malediction and evil wishes of her aunt the

abbess; and to her own heinous sin in quitting the convent, after entering on her novitiate, and intending to become a nun; and in the height and agony of her sorrow for the loss of her children, and terror for what she considered her own deadly offence, in having left a heavenly for an earthly spouse, she prevailed, with her tears and earnest supplications, on her doting husband, much against his will, to repair with her to the convent chapel at **Doria**, and there, prostrate before the altar, to make a solemn vow, that if Heaven would vouchsafe to grant them a female child, to devote it to a religious life. The following year my mother gave birth to a girl, who was named Constantia; and now the spirits of the countesse St. Albe were cheered; she believed her prayer had been heard, the sacrifice accepted, and that through this child the curse pronounced by her aunt would be withdrawn.

“Before Constantia attained her second year, I was born; we were educated together, and never were two sisters more fondly attached to each other. From infancy, Constantia was taught to understand that

she was devoted, by an irrevocable vow, to the altar; and that when she attained her eighteenth year, she was to enter on her novitiate in the convent of Santa Lucilla, whither we often went to visit the abbess, a woman greatly beloved by the sisterhood for her exemplary piety, her mild government, and elegant attainments. The convent of Santa Lucilla is at a short distance from the village of Itria, where Giuesppe resided with his paternal uncle, monsieur Vernoni, whom his deceased parents had appointed guardian of his person and estate. Vernoni was a man of mean and avaricious temper, who, though Giuesppe was heir to considerable property, independent of what he might expect from him, a wealthy bachelor, treated him with extreme harshness, and constrained him to live even worse than the peasants employed on his estate.

“ I was absent on a visit to our relations at Genoa when Constantia and Giuesppe became acquainted; and when I returned home, I found her sentiments entirely changed respecting conventual life, and the comte and my mother in the greatest dis-

tress of mind at the acknowledged apostacy of their child; but as yet it was unknown to them that it was love for Giuesppe that had effected the revolution in Constantia's sentiments. At length the time approached when she was to commence her novitiate; and the day being appointed for her entering the convent, she took the desperate resolution to send for her lover; and without a suspicion of the state of her affections having entered into the thoughts of her parents, the youthful pair knelt at their feet, and confessing their mutual passion, entreated to be permitted to marry.

"The comte St. Albe was moved to compassion; he felt for their distress, and though Giuesppe was of inferior rank to Constantia, might have been won to grant their suit; but the horror and indignation of my mother was so excessive, that my father, to whom her will was law, was compelled to expel Giuesppe the casa, and send away the despairing Constantia to the convent.

"You may believe, dear Ada," said madame St. Albe, "I was not an unconcerned spectator of this most distressing event; and

while my beloved sister wept on my bosom, I would freely have taken her place and become a nun, could I have restored her to the world, and ensured her happiness with Giuesppe. To my mother, stern and inexorable in what she considered a religious duty, I did not dare to plead for my dear unhappy Constantia; but to my father I continually urged the unceasing sorrow that was preying on her health; I spoke to him of her wasted form, her hollow eyes, and her pale cheek.

“The comte was sensibly affected by my representations, but the ascendancy of my mother conquered his parental feelings; and turning from my supplications, he would exclaim—‘I have registered a vow in heaven, and I dare not, must not break it. Alas! my poor Constantia, time will, I trust, reconcile her to a decree that cannot be revoked.’

“In the mean time, grief and disappointment had unsettled the brain of Giuesppe, and I heard, with additional concern, that he was confined, and strictly guarded, to prevent his laying violent hands on himself.

“The dismal year of Constantia’s novi-

tiate, though the gloom and confinement of the cloister had rendered it miserable and tedious to her, came to an end; her attenuated form had lost all its graceful symmetry, and her beautiful face was so changed by sorrow, that it would have been difficult to recognise the once lovely and blooming Constantia, had not her soft plaintive voice identified itself with the recollection of her friends. At length the dreaded terrible day arrived, when she was to pronounce the vows that were to separate her for ever from the world and the dear object of her affections. I went early in the morning to the convent, and to my astonishment, found her calmer and more resigned than she had ever appeared since the hour of her separation from Giuesppe. When I congratulated her on the tranquil state of her mind, she affectionately pressed her pale lips on mine, and replied, ‘A few more pangs, and my sufferings will be over—my tale of sorrow will soon be forgotten by the world; but you, my dear kind Adelaide, you will remember your unhappy Constantia, and lament her fate.’

“I supposed she alluded to the resigna-

tion she felt when she spoke of her sufferings being nearly over, I had no suspicion or expectation that her words meant any thing more than submission to the decree that separated her from the world.

“All our relations and friends were assembled, to witness the sacrifice of the young and innocent victim to superstition. The ceremony of her immolation had proceeded, with all its solemn ceremonies, even to the severing her long glossy tresses; but just as the last awful renunciation of the world was about to be pronounced by her pale quivering lips, the voice of Giuesppe was heard forbidding her to proceed.—‘Hold! you are mine,’ said he, rushing through the crowd, with a speed and force that separated them on either hand, and gave him a free passage to the altar, where Constantia knelt.—‘You are mine,’ continued Giuesppe, ‘by the union of mutual love—you are mine, Constantia, and any vow that would separate our persons cannot annul the sacred engagement of our hearts.’ As he spoke, he caught her in his arms, and pressed his lips on her forehead with impassioned tenderness. A radiant smile

illumined her pale face, and gave lustre to her hollow tear-dimmed eyes, as, feebly returning his embrace, she said, ‘ I prayed to see thee, Giuesppe ; my prayer is heard, and now, beloved of my soul, I renounce the world without regret, for I die in thy arms.’

“ The comtesse, my mother, shrieked and fainted, and was borne from the scene of tumult and horror. The officiating priests endeavoured to separate the unhappy lovers : alas ! they were separated for ever—the pure spirit of Constantia had fled from bigotry and oppression to a happier region. Giuesppe had fallen into a swoon, from which he did not recover, till after he had been placed again under the care of the attendants whose vigilance he had contrived to elude.

“ The comtesse, my mother, was pregnant when this melancholy event happened, and the malediction of her aunt was remembered with more terror than ever ; her spirits became dreadfully depressed, and in the height of her superstitious despondency, she would have devoted me to the altar, declaring that Heaven had not accepted the sacrifice that

had been offered, because the heart of Constantia was polluted with an earthly passion—with love for the creature; but that I, who declared myself free from attachment—I, who had always shewn a dutiful submission to the will of my parents—I should be a proper substitute, and should immediately retire to the convent, and prepare myself to take the place of the erring lost Constantia. But this design was so resolutely opposed by my father, who deeply repented his weak compliance with her wishes respecting my unfortunate sister, that I was spared the pain of refusing to become a nun; and the comtesse was compelled, though most unwillingly, to give up the point. But superstitious fear had taken such strong hold of her mind, that she believed offended Heaven was pouring out the vials of its wrath upon her; and under this impression, her health declined so rapidly, that she expired in giving birth to a son, a sickly infant, that in a few weeks followed its mother to the tomb.

“Thus, Ada,” said madame St. Albe, drying the tears that fell to the memory of

past sorrows, " thus was I deprived of a tender mother and most beloved sister, through an intemperate and misguided zeal for religion, that changed the real decrees of Heaven and reason to superstition and oppressive bigotry.

" Giuesppe, contrary to all expectation, recovered his senses, and was set at liberty. But melancholy seemed to have taken possession of his fine intelligent countenance, and to have added many years to his life; for though he had seen little more than twenty summers, he had lost all the vivacity and freshness of youth. My poor bereaved father, though he had doted on his wife, had always regretted the rash vow she had induced him to make respecting Constanzia; and he now felt the deepest commiseration for Giuesppe, who bewailed, as sincerely as himself, the lost object of his affection, and sought him out, and frequently brought him to the casa. Here he had the solace of my father's regard and my friendship; and from me he received a miniature likeness I had painted of her he so adored and lamented.

" Giuesppe and his kinsman, monsieur

Vernoni, were always at variance, for the miserly old man, not content with the privations he had already imposed, and scoffing at the grief that he endured, unfeelingly urged him to marry a woman whom he had selected for his wife; and their disagreement on his refusal arose to such enmity, that, forsaking the home of his ancestors, and leaving his patrimony in the grasp of his avaricious uncle, Giuesppe disappeared from the village, and was not heard of for more than a year; when a vague report reached us, that the unhappy young man had joined a horde of desperate brigands, on the Col di Tende, a report, dearest Ada, that you have confirmed."

Miss Lambart gave many tears to this melancholy recital; she now more than ever felt for the erring Giuesppe, and sincerely petitioned Heaven that he might return to the paths of rectitude and honour, and confirm, in his latter days, the bright and virtuous promise of his youth.

"The sad events I have related," resumed madame St. Albe, "renew on my memory the death of the comte St. Albe, my dear father, whose health and spirits suffer-

ed so much, from the swift-following loss of my mother and sister, and the accounts he heard of Giuesppe's dereliction of honour, that he was advised by his physicians to quit Piedmont for a time, and by making a tour through the different states of Italy, add to my knowledge and improvement, now his only child, and divert his own mind from the dismal retrospections that were undermining his life.

“ We departed with heavy hearts and tearful eyes from our native valley, and bent our course to the Milanese, where my father had a friend, who had been long desirous that we should visit him. The casa of senor Morelli was pleasantly situated at a short distance from the celebrated lake of Como, where it was sheltered from excessive heat by a range of mountains, and surrounded by olive, vine, and mulberry plantations; nothing could be more salubrious than the air of that most delightful place; and there, cheered by the pious arguments, and entertaining conversation of senor Morelli, the companion of his youth, and the society of other refined and sensible friends, my father's health and spirits were much

amended: for me, then in my nineteenth year, passable in person, and heiress to the wealth of the comte St. Albe, I was flattered, admired, and followed, and received some advantageous proposals of marriage, which my indulgent father permitted me to decline, for he was pleased with my devoted attention to himself; and he had not ambition enough to add to the dignity of his house, by the sacrifice of my peace, and by depriving himself of the solace my company afforded. My father agreed with me, that it was time enough for me to engage in domestic cares; and was equally desirous with myself, that I should give another year to the cultivation of the talent I evinced for painting and music.

“ In one of our drives among the delightful scenery in the environs of Como, we met a gentleman, whose figure and countenance struck me as the handsomest I had ever seen; he was a stranger, and unknown to senor Morelli, who said he had a notion he was a native of England, for he had some days before met him, and had heard him conversing with his servant in that language, of which the senor had some

knowledge. The noble, though pensive countenance of the stranger, made on my memory an uneasy impression, for I never forgot it; sleeping or waking, it was before my eyes; but not meeting him again in any of our walks or rides, I believed, and not without regret, that he had left the country; and I took myself severely to task, and blamed the folly of my weak heart, that suffered a person, whose name and condition in life were absolutely unknown to me, to disturb its tranquillity, and give me a distaste for pursuits, that had hitherto employed my thoughts, and been the amusement of my life.

“ Our friend Morelli had a batello, elegantly and commodiously fitted up, in which my father and myself frequently accompanied him in excursions on the lake, to enjoy, and sometimes sketch those romantic spots, that have engaged the pencils of our first artists. One evening, after a delightful sail, on our return home, our batello, by some unaccountable accident, was thrown so much on one side, that my father and myself, by the suddenness of the shock, were precipitated into the water, and but

for the exertions of the stranger and his servant, who were fishing on the lake, must inevitably have perished, for our good Morelli had received a hurt that disabled his right arm.

“The great service the stranger had rendered us, demanded our warmest gratitude; but when we were landed at the casa Morelli, he refused to enter, and declined the invitation our friend gave him to visit us at a future time. Coldly expressing the pleasure he felt, at having been near enough when our accident happened to render us service, he took his leave, without even informing us to whom we were so much obliged, only convincing us, by his language and deportment, that he was a gentleman.

“If I had before been interested by this stranger, I was now doubly so; he was perpetually in my thoughts; though agreeing with the opinion of senor Morelli and my father, I was persuaded he was a man whom misfortune had soured, and made a misanthropist. From this time I lost all vivacity, and though I felt no particular illness, I grew pale and thin; and my father, alarmed at the idea of losing me, fancied that

the air from the lake affected my health. Taking a hasty leave of the worthy senor Morelli, we travelled through all the Italian states; and, at my request, the comte St. Albe consented to remain a short time at Naples, where a young friend of mine, recently married, resided with her husband, the marquis Velzeloni. In the society of Antonia, now a happy wife, I was recovering my health and cheerfulness, for time and absence had softened, though not removed, the malady of my heart; and I again began to take pleasure and find amusement in the exercise of my pencil, and in the music of my harp.

“Returning one night from an entertainment, to which I had gone with Antonia, I discovered that the apartments occupied by my father were on fire; he had been some time asleep, when I entered his bed-chamber, to apprise him of our fearful and perilous situation. It was some time before I could make him sensible of our danger; and when he was prepared to depart, we found our retreat cut off, by the rapid spreading of the flames, that were blazing round us in every direction. In this extre-

mity my father lost all power of exertion, and I dragged him to a balcony that overlooked the bay, where I shrieked for assistance, till I lost all recollection of the terrific situation in which I was placed. When I recovered, I found myself in a handsome apartment, laid on a couch, with my father, and the stranger who had before saved us from drowning in the waters of the Como, bending over me, and applying volatiles to my nose and temples. The comte St. Albe and myself were again indebted to him and his servant, for the preservation of our lives; they had, with a courage that astonished the spectators, who stood inactive, gazing at the progress of the fire, aghast with fear, climbed the heated balcony, and amidst shrieks, shouts, and acclamations, borne us from the devouring flames, that had enveloped us in that our last retreat, which, in a few moments after our miraculous rescue, fell with a tremendous crash into the street, bearing with it the whole magnificent portico of the mansion. The magnanimous stranger had conveyed us to his own apartments, and we now learned that his name was Morton; that he was a

native of Ireland ; and that the death of his wife, and other severe misfortunes, had driven him, self-exiled, to seek in other countries, solace for a wounded heart.

“ The comte St. Albe’s gratitude to Mr. Morton, by whom we had been twice preserved from death, ripened into a regard almost parental ; for by degrees the cold reserve wore away that had wrapped him in unsocial gloom, and discovered a mind rich in every estimable virtue, and an understanding, that education, aided by extraordinary talent, had cultivated, expanded, and refined.

“ Mr. Morton now became our constant visitor, and did not refuse an introduction to our friends ; and most happy did I feel when he attended me to the concerts and conversaziones of the Neapolitan nobility. This change in the habits and disposition of Mr. Morton, I may, without vanity, attribute to his growing partiality for me, who, having an opportunity of thoroughly acquainting myself with his temper and principles, was convinced that he alone, of all mankind, was preferred by me ; and I felt,

that if I was not his wife, I never could bestow my hand on any other.

“ Our stay at Naples had been prolonged, far beyond the time we had intended ; for my father, satisfied with my amended looks, and happy in the society of Mr. Morton, no longer spoke of returning to Piedmont, and I was happy ; for the attention of the elegant and interesting Morton was exclusively mine ; but yet he never breathed to me a syllable of love. I confess I was disappointed, and I was beginning to think his attentions were prompted by natural politeness only, or perhaps a slight feeling of friendship for the being he had twice rescued from death. While I was tormenting myself with the belief that the affections of Morton were buried in the grave of his wife, and never could be revived or recalled by me, my dear father was seized with an illness, that the Neapolitan physicians pronounced dangerous. My grief at this opinion was excessive. I saw myself about to be deprived of my revered, and only parent ; I beheld myself an orphan, without any natural protector, among strangers, and far distant from my own Piedmont. Mr. Mor-

ton seemed as much afflicted as myself; and when it was necessary for me to take repose, he remained by the side of his couch, soothing and attending, with the duty and tenderness of a son, my sick father.

“ One morning, after having administered his medicine, the comte St. Albe desired me to give him my candid opinion of Mr. Morton. The question confused me, coming at a time when I feared, that feeling himself worse, he wished to place me in the protection of Mr. Morton, in case of his death. My tears and blushes revealed to him the exact state of my heart.

‘ Adelaide,’ resumed my father, ‘ my days are numbered; I am summoned hence, to join your mother and sister. Nay, do not weep thus despondingly, my child; it gives me joy to perceive your young affections are bestowed on Mr. Morton; he has laid before me such a history of his life, as convinces me he is worthy to be the husband of my Adelaide. Take these papers,’ continued the comte, drawing a parcel from beneath his pillow—‘ they contain documents that place the family pretensions of our friend beyond doubt; they will inform you

of the distressing events that have exiled him from his country; to which it is probable he may never return; take the papers with you, my child, to your own apartment; give them a serious perusal, and then tell me, whether you will accept in Morton a protector for life: he loves you, with a most fond and true affection, and to obtain your hand, will resign the name of his ancestors and take that of St. Albe: the title, which becomes extinct with me, will revive again, should you, which, Heaven grant, become the mother of a son.'

"At the request of my father, I left him to repose. I need not tell you, Ada, with what eager and earnest attention I read the papers of Morton, in which I found much matter to call forth my tears and my commiseration, but nothing to weaken my love; and after giving the affecting and important papers a second perusal, I resolved to be his wife, and with unremitting tenderness and solicitude, to devote myself to the pleasing task of extracting the arrow that had so lacerated his heart.

"My readily-accorded consent to become the bride of Morton, seemed to renovate

my father's health. In the presence of the marquis Velzeloni, his amiable wife, and a few of our most intimate friends, I gave myself to the best and most noble-minded of men; and never from that hour has he given me cause to repent my choice: my dear father lived to reach the casa St. Albe, to which domain, with his Genoese estates, at his demise, I became heiress. Agreeable to his desire, my husband assumed the name of St. Albe. To my happiness, as a wife, there was but one drawback—I was for some years without a child, and I feared the title and the name would be extinct; this apprehension it pleased Heaven graciously to remove, and I trust Ronaldo will transmit his father's virtues to a race of his own. I have now given you a history of my family, a tissue, dear Ada, of strangely-mingled incidents; but in this mortal life we must expect trials and misfortunes, for was our course all smooth and thornless, we should forget that it is only a passage to a brighter and happier world."

Madame St. Albe wiped away a starting tear. Seeing the major domo taking the laughing Ronaldo from the back of his

pony, and her husband alighting from his horse, she went to join them on the lawn.

Madame St. Albe, in her narrative, had said, that accumulated misfortunes had driven her husband from his country, but respecting their nature she had been silent, except the loss of his wife; but that they had been severe Miss Lambart supposed, for to them she attributed the serious, almost melancholy character of St. Albe, and the disturbed state of his mind, which frequently drove him from the society of his friends to solitude, and had constrained him to refuse the high offices of state that had been offered him, to which his great and acknowledged abilities had been powerful recommendations.

That evening St. Albe appeared more tranquil and cheerful than he had been for many days. With a smile he observed—
“We know not the good or evil of to-morrow; let us enjoy the present hour.”
He then drew forward the harp of madame, and requested her to sing a canzonet he admired, the music to which she had composed—

“ The rose, when fades its crimson bloom,
When droops its wither'd head,
Will still retain the rich perfume
Its opening beauty shed.

“ So faithful love shall still remain,
When youth's gay hours retire,
Refin'd from ev'ry jealous pain,
A sacred holy fire.

“ And when unchanging love like this,
To smooth life's path is given,
A foretaste 'tis of that pure bliss,
That lives and glows in heaven.”

Never had monsieur St. Albe appeared so handsome, so fascinating, in the eyes of Miss Lambart, who, while she beheld his dark expressive eyes, bent with a lover's attentive tenderness on his wife, and remarked the Roman contour of his finely-moulded face, was struck with his likeness to some person or portrait she had seen, though her memory failed to supply her with a recollection of who, when, or where: it was after retiring to rest, as she thought of St. Albe's graceful and majestic figure, of his expressive features, that she suddenly remembered the miniature picture she had seen in the casket, which Janet had brought to her in mistake at Lisburn Abbey; it was to this portrait, which bore on its re-

verse the letters "G. F." that St. Albe bore so striking a resemblance, over which the baroness Wandesford, much agitated, had shed tears.—"Certainly the resemblance is very striking," thought Miss Lambart, "but merely accidental, for he had never hinted at having, at any time, an acquaintance with the baroness Wandesford; nor could the initials on the miniature belong to him."

Breathing a prayer for the happiness of St. Albe and his truly amiable and lovely wife and child, Miss Lambart yielded up her thoughts to anticipations of the conjugal felicity that would assuredly be hers when wedded to Lionel Dorrington; and with a heart full of love and hope, she resigned herself to the repose that was stealing over her.

The next day, the family of St. Albe rode over to the village of Doria, where Miss Lambart was shewn the mansion that had been the home of Gueseppe; it was falling to decay: the grounds annexed to it were covered with weeds and brambles; the hedges were trampled down, and exhibited a mournful picture of neglect and

desolation. The unfeeling and avaricious Vernoni had died suddenly, and his connections did not chuse to interfere with a property they could not claim, because no proof could be obtained that Giuesppe was dead.

The church that contained the monument of the St. Albeſ was in the village of Doria, and thither Miss Lambart accompanied madame St. Albe, who made it a custom, four times in the year, to kneel at the altar, and offer up prayers for the peace of the souls of her parents and sister, and to give thanks for the happiness she enjoyed in the wedded state. Madame St. Albe, though she had abjured the errors of the Catholic ritual, still adhered to this custom, which had been observed by her parents, who, at stated times of the year, went to the village church, to offer up prayers and thanksgivings for particular blessings; and to this ceremonial St. Albe gave his approval, because he said it kept alive the recollection of those gone down to the grave, who were worthy of affection, and because it gratified the feelings of sensibility to shew respect to the memory of the departed.

A heavy fall of rain kept them confined to the casa the whole of the following day; and though books, music, and the pencil, were tried by turns, yet they all failed to amuse; and Miss Lambart thought with the poet,

—————“Time moves with leaden wings,
So slow and heavy pass the hours along.”

She did not expect Mr. Dorrington till the next morning, yet her eyes were continually turned in the direction of Turin. St. Albe's nerves seemed affected by the weather; madame preserved an unvarying sweetness and placidity of temper; while the little Ronaldo repeatedly looked up at the sky, and wished the rain would cease, that he might go and feed his young peacocks. Miss Lambart joined in Ronaldo's wish; the feeding of the peacocks, she thought, would be an amusement, and she wanted some untried employment to divert her mind, for every thing within doors appeared dull and wearying; an oppressive weight was on her spirits, that she could not shake off; and when she retired for the night, she was thankful that the day was passed in

which she had felt as if some invisible hand was crushing her to the earth.

Having dismissed Janet, she opened the lattice; the moon was labouring through masses of dark clouds; the wind sighed mournfully among the trees, and all around seemed in unison with her own melancholy thoughts. — “But to-morrow,” said she, closing the lattice, “to-morrow Mr. Dorrington will be here; and whether it rains or shines, his presence will enliven and give joy to my heart.”

Earlier than he was expected the next morning, Mr. Dorrington arrived at the casa, his face radiant with the joyful sensations of his bosom; he had received letters from England, bearing to him his mother's blessing, consent, and fervent prayers for his connubial happiness. A packet had also been received from Ireland, by lady Stella Egerton, in which were letters from the baroness Wandesford, expressing to lady Mary Wingfield her warm approval of the alliance between their families. The baroness had herself written to Mr. Dorrington, in a way that affected and delighted him; for the venerable lady had told him,

had she been allowed to select a husband for her beloved child, from all the young men that had fallen under her observance, he would have obtained the preference.

Mr. Dorrington was the bearer of letters to Miss Lambart and monsieur St. Albe. Miss Lambart pressed the seals to her lips, for she recognised the Wandesford crest; and sending the letter addressed to monsieur St. Albe to his apartment, she obtained Mr. Dorrington's permission to read her own. The baroness congratulated her beloved Ada on the worthy choice she had made, and declared her intention to be at Turin, to be present at the ceremony of her marriage, on which she prayed the blessing of Heaven might attend, and that every year of the wedded life of her dear and precious child might bring increase of felicity.

Time was no laggard now, for Miss Lambart found the hours of morning flew like minutes; the lovers were sensible only to the happiness of seeing and conversing with each other, and were astonished when they were told dinner was served. On entering the *salle à manger*, the major domo informed them, that monsieur St. Albe was indis-

posed, and that madame entreated their excuse, and begged them to sit down to table without her.

The absence of monsieur and madame St. Albe was regretted by Miss Lambart, who feared the frequent attacks of the former would terminate more fatally and suddenly than his friends seemed to apprehend. Mr. Dorrington spoke of the pure air of the valley of Cemenus, and the charming situation of the casa.—“ But monsieur St. Albe’s disorder seems to be entirely mental,” said he, “ and diseases of the mind do not depend for their endurance or cure on place or air.”

Love and the fulness of joy were sufficient for the youthful pair; they sat down to table, but the delicate viands with which it was covered, were removed, little diminished by them. To Miss Lambart’s anxious inquiries after monsieur St. Albe, the major domo replied, that he was more composed, and that madame, who was watching beside his couch, hoped he would sleep, not having obtained any rest the night before.

The evening being fine, and the air, after

the late rain, cool and refreshing, Miss Lambart invited Mr. Dorrington to walk with her to the cottage of old Arnaud, who having heard from Janet that her young lady was engaged to the gentleman who had some weeks before stopped at the cottage to inquire the road to Turin, with the surprising accuracy that almost always directs the hearing of a blind person, instantly recollected his voice; and to the extreme confusion of Miss Lambart, said to Mr. Dorrington, he hoped he was not like the young men of rank he had known in his day, gentlemen as they were called, who took wives just to gratify a whim, or to promote their interest.—“To marry for such motives is wicked,” said Arnaud, shaking his head, from which a profusion of curls white as snow descended to his shoulders. “This young lady,” continued the old man, “belongs more to heaven than to earth; love and cherish her, for heavy will be your sin, if by unworthy treatment you give sorrow to her heart.”

Mr. Dorrington promised the old man to treasure his counsel, and to visit his cottage frequently while he remained in that part

of the country. Noticing the neatness of dress and artless manner of Theana, he placed some pieces of gold in her hand, "to reward," he said, "her care of her aged grandfather."

The moon had risen when the lovers returned to the casa, and never to them had her light seemed so brilliant; never had the shrubs breathed such delicious fragrance as on this evening. Mr. Dorrington having obtained Miss Lambart's promise to spend the following week at Turin, with lady Mary Wingfield, had pressed a parting kiss on her blushing cheek, and was repeating a lingering adieu, when the major domo came with a request from monsieur St. Albe, that Miss Lambart and Mr. Dorrington would favour him with their company. Mr. Dorrington was pleased to be detained, and Miss Lambart, supposing St. Albe was better, bade the major domo precede them to his apartment. But a presentiment of approaching evil chilled the glow of her bosom, as she beheld St. Albe, pale and agitated, with clasped hands, as if in prayer, reclining on a sofa, and madame, her eyes swimming in tears, seated beside him.

On the entrance of the lovers, St. Albe rose to meet them ; he pressed their hands repeatedly to his heart, but the emotion that shook his frame deprived him of the power to give utterance to his thoughts.

Madame St. Albe poured a few reviving drops into a glass of water, which he swallowed ; and as he sunk again on the sofa, she would have persuaded him to defer the communication he intended to make, till he felt more equal to the task.

“ Now—this very now, it shall be made,” replied St. Albe ; “ give me air, my beloved, my patiently-enduring Adelaide, and I shall be strong to tell my tale of secret anguish.”

The major domo having opened the lattice, St. Albe bade him place lights on the marble table before him.

Miss Lambart and Dorrington looked in astonishment at each other, as, at St. Albe's request, they took seats near the table. The major domo wore on his countenance a sorrow that struck Mr. Dorrington as more than belonged to his master's indisposition, who seemed to have agitation, rather than actual illness, in his appearance.

The audible sigh the major domo gave as he passed behind Miss Lambart's chair, made her nerves tremble, though she knew not what she had to dread.

"Eternal Father!" said St. Albe, solemnly elevating his eyes to heaven, "to thee, who art ever wakeful and present—who art acquainted with our most secret thoughts and actions—to thee I appeal; for thou knowest that my heart has ever been innocent of evil intention, and my hands free from the stain of guilt; strengthen me, and enable me to disclose to this ill-fated pair a secret that must for ever divide them from each other."

"Tell it not," exclaimed Dorrington, with wild vehemence; "conceal it—in mercy conceal it; let us remain in happy ignorance."

"Not so," murmured Miss Lambart; "Heaven is just, and will not give us unnecessary pain; it is surely best to know the worst that can befall us: perhaps monsieur St. Albe may be mistaken—it may be we shall not separate: say on, sir, I entreat you."

"Sweet Ada!" resumed St. Albe, mourn-

fully, "I would that I could give thee hope, but alas! it may not be: let me not prolong these agonizing moments.—When you first sought my protection, I told you I had known your mother, and that it was my hand that, in the park of Doneraile Castle, under the ancient oak, placed on your infant neck the chain that from your childhood had excited in you a desire to see the donor; but I told you not, for I feared to shock you with a recital of the fatal cause that had exiled me from you so tenderly beloved, and from my country—I told you not that I, Ada, am your father."

Miss Lambart turned pale, gazed eagerly and earnestly on St. Albe, then faintly replied, "No, no, this cannot be; my father, lord Lambart, was unhappily killed in a duel; he died in the arms of the earl of Vandeleur, and his remains are——"

"Ada," interrupted St. Albe, "you are deceived: read here, and be convinced."—He placed before Miss Lambart the newly-received letter from the baroness Wandesford.—"Read, and you will find, she requests me, believing me to be a stranger, to inform you that your father—nay, have cou-

rage, Ada, for your father once bore a name as proud as that of Lambart, till——Have you strength to hear what the baroness is desirous your future husband should be acquainted with, lest, when too late, he should repent having taken a wife whose——”

“Never,” interrupted Dorrington; “it is not possible I could repent having married her whom my heart dotès upon, whom all my friends approve.”

“So thinks the baroness,” returned St. Albe; “but alas! she recollects not that a Dorrington and a daughter of mine can never be united.”

“And wherefore?” demanded Dorrington, haughtily.

“Alas! what horrible mystery is this?” said Miss Lambart; “why have I been taught to believe myself the orphan daughter of lord Lambart?”

“It was the will of your mother,” replied St. Albe, “who, by the death of the infant son of lord Lambart, became heiress to his estates, that you should be recognised by her family name; and as I, a Protestant, had always been disliked by the earl and countess of Vandeleur, they eagerly adopt

ed her desire, and took pains to persuade the world you were the daughter of lord Lambart, as you really are now the heiress of his estates. The baroness Wandesford, acquainted with the cause that had separated your mother from me, and seeing no probability of my ever returning to Ireland, or asserting my paternal claim, favoured the deception, and agreed to your being known by the name of Lambart, from the humane motive of concealing from you the disastrous fate of your father. But the moment has arrived when the veil must be removed—when concealment must cease, and I, dreadful as it is to crush the blossoms of hope in a young confiding heart—terrible as it is for a father to annihilate the happiness of his child—the terrible sentence must be pronounced by my lips: your mother, Ada, was the wife of GERALD FITZGERALD."

"Hold for mercy!" exclaimed Dorrington; "that name awakens horrible remembrances; repeat not that name—say not you are that wretched—that guilty man."

"I am Gerald Fitzgerald, the father of this pale trembling creature," replied St.

Albe, proudly ; “ but it was not conscious guilt that caused me to quit my country and renounce my name. No, I solemnly swear, in the presence of righteous and attesting Heaven, that I was not the murderer of your father !”

“ Accused of murder !” shrieked Ada ; “ my father !”

“ Ay,” resumed St. Albe ; “ I was accused of murder, fettered, thrown into a dungeon, on the foul suspicion that I had bereaved a fellow-creature of life ! I, the descendant of a race of heroes, was accused of secretly committing murder. I was tried like a felon ; and while I made my heart strong, to hear sentence of death pronounced upon me, I was acquitted : but suspicion had fixed a brand upon me, like that impressed on Cain ; and I, though innocent, was fated to see myself abandoned by my wife, shunned by my former friends, and forsaken by all, except that faithful servant,” pointing to the major domo, “ that true friend, whose attachment no imputed guilt, no presumptive evidence, could shake.”

“ My dear, my honoured master,” return-

ed Phelim O'Connor, for it was that faithful servant who had followed the fortunes of Fitzgerald, and attended him in all his wanderings, "I have only performed my duty. Was I not your own foster-brother? and have not I lived with you ever since the both of us could walk and talk? and did not I know every thought of your heart? and was not I certain and sure, that you no more shot Mr. Dorrington than I did? and have not I been greatly rewarded for believing the truth? have not I seen you married to the best lady in all the world? and has not she promoted me to be major domo of the casa?"

Miss Lambart sunk for a moment on the arm of madame St. Albe; but presently recovering, she knelt at the feet of her father, and in a voice choked with sobs, murmured, as she clasped his knees—"My father! my persecuted, injured father! shall I presume to doubt what you so solemnly attest? no, from my soul I believe you innocent—even of intentional crime, and from this hour I devote myself entirely to you; from henceforth, filial affection shall alone be cherished in my bosom, and the duteous

attentions of your daughter shall assist to mitigate your unmerited sufferings, to win you to cheerfulness, and lure you to forget the injustice of the world."

St. Albe raised his daughter to his heart, and their tears mingled together; while Mr. Dorrington stood, pale and motionless, as if what he heard had transformed him to a statue.

At length, with a shudder, he roused himself, and said—"Is not this a horrible dream? Can it be possible that I stand in the presence of Fitzgerald—that he is the father of Ada! Powers of Mercy! is it indeed true, that I am for ever separated from her on whom my heart rested all its hopes of future happiness! from whom I expected to derive honour, and to look up to as the delight and support of my mother's declining years! Ada! beloved, adored Ada! my heart is torn with anguish! Would that I had died before this fatal disclosure! before I was compelled to the misery of saying, farewell for ever!"

"Farewell, dear Lionel! farewell for ever!" replied Miss Lambart, mournfully extending her hand to him, which he kiss-

ed repeatedly. "Believe my heart participates in the agony of this separation. May you be happy," continued she, tears gushing from her eyes, "very happy with another, whose virtues may render her worthy of your love; while I devote my days, Heaven's mercy will, I trust, divest them of their present misery; to the performance of the duty I owe my injured father. Oh, may I be enabled to cheer his melancholy hours, and assist his inestimable wife to chase away the gloom that clouds his noble faculties!"

"The blessing of Heaven! the blessing of thy father, be upon thee, my angelic child!" said St. Albe, folding her passionately to his heart, "for the confidence thou dost repose in my assertions. Never again let me think my fate hard, while the virtuous noble hearts of my wife and daughter believe me innocent of crime.—Young man," continued St. Albé, addressing Dorrington, "I honour the motive that compels you to resign my child, while I feel for the wretchedness her loss will occasion you; and I entreat you to remain, while I endeavour to prove to you, that I do not merit

the abhorrence with which you have been taught to consider me."

Though deprived of the hope of ever calling her his, by the sacred and endearing name of wife, Dorrington felt unwilling to quit the presence of Ada, and at her request he again resumed his seat.

"Your father, Mr. Dorrington," said St. Albe, "was unhappily deprived of life, when you were too young to remember the horrible affair; but on my brain and on my heart, all the mysterious circumstances that involved me in misfortune, exposed me to wrong, and rendered me an object of suspicion, are traced in characters that length of years have had no power to obliterate. The grounds of Bredon Castle, my residence, joined to those of Woodville Priory; between Mr. Dorrington and myself there was a dispute respecting a copse, that we both claimed right to; but this dispute had never arisen to enmity or bitter feeling on either side; and we had agreed to refer the right of possession to the decision of an old grant of land, made by James the First, to an ancestor of Mr. Dorrington's; which grant, together with other ancient docu-

ments, were in the hands of his solicitor, who had orders to take counsellors' opinion on the affair; which I should never have troubled myself about, had not quarrels arisen between Mr. Dorrington's people and mine, respecting the right of cutting wood, while this business was pending.

"I had gone out, one morning, with my dogs, to shoot upon my own land; having bagged a pheasant and a brace of partridges, I was crossing towards the contested copse, in my way home, when I heard a gun fired, and presently after I saw two men running in an opposite direction to that which I was taking. Supposing them to be unqualified persons flying from discovery, I pursued my way to the copse, with the expectation of meeting there the detector or disturber of their illegal sport—gracious Heaven! the scene is now before my eyes, plain and terrible as I saw it then."

Large drops of perspiration burst from the forehead of St. Alb, who, seemingly overcome with fearful and distressing recollections, paused. Anxiety and commiseration sat on the faces of his auditors, who, with almost breathless attention, listened,

as, having a little recovered, St. Albe resumed his tale.—“I found,” said he, “Mr. Dorrington leaning against a tree, wounded and bleeding—a ball had, unhappily, entered his chest. As I approached, he held out his hand to me, and, in a low faint voice, told me he believed he had been accidentally shot by some persons on the other side the hedge, for the moment before the gun was fired, he heard them laughing; he begged me to assist him to the Priory—Though,” he added, ‘I fear I am past all aid.’

“I laid my gun and my hat on the grass, while with my handkerchief I endeavoured to stanch the blood that poured from his wound. While I was thus employed, he grew more faint, and sunk from my arm, on which he had leaned, to the earth; and as I kneeled on the grass beside him, he feebly pressed my hand, and endeavoured to speak; but the blood rushed upwards to his throat, and, as I supported him, he expired.”

Mr. Dorrington groaned audibly—“My mother,” exclaimed he, “my angel mother, has never ceased to bewail the beloved husband of her youth.”

"It was a fatal event for her and me," resumed St. Albe; "but though bereaved, in the morning of her life, of him whose noble qualities made him justly dear to her affections, yet her sorrows bear no comparison with mine. The tears of widowhood have fond recollections, and the hope of reunion in a better world, to sweeten and assuage their bitterness; but an honourable, high-born, guiltless man, dragged like a ruffian felon to a dungeon—an ancient name disgraced with imputed crime, and tarnished for ever—and his unmerited infamy entailing shame and misery on his virtuous and lovely child—think of this wretchedness, young man, and ask your heart if your mother's sufferings have equalled mine? No, no, for she had you, the image of her murdered husband, to soften her afflictions; while I was deprived, with one desolating sweep, of wife, friends, honourable name—yes, all abandoned me, but my good and faithful Phelim: but let me hasten to conclude my distressing narrative.

"When I found Mr. Dorrington was indeed dead, I was hastening to the Priory Lodge, to give information of the fatal ac-

cident, when I met the gamekeeper, who was returning to his master with a young pointer. To him I related the sad fate of Mr. Dorrington, and then returned home to change my clothes, which were covered with blood, from my having supported him in my arms, and with an intention of repairing immediately to Woodville Priory, to console, and render any assistance in my power, to his bereaved lady; but while I was relating to lady Amanda Fitzgerald the shocking occurrence, and requesting her to go with me to the Priory, I was dragged from the presence of my wife, then in a state of pregnancy, hurried before a vulgar illiterate magistrate, and charged with the horrible crime of having wilfully and maliciously murdered my neighbour, Mr. Dorrington; my unloaded gun, my handkerchief steeped in blood, and my hat, which, in the consternation and confusion of the moment, I had exchanged for Mr. Dorrington's, as they lay on the grass together, were all brought forward, and used as arguments against me at my trial. The dispute respecting the hazel copse furnished a reason for my supposed enmity to Mr.

Dorrington; and so strong were the presumptive proofs of my guilt, that throughout the country I was believed to be the murderer of a man of unblemished character, who was universally beloved, respected, and deplored.

“At this momentous and most calamitous period of my life, while I was confined in a dungeon awaiting the judgment that was, I then hoped, to decree me to death rather than acquittal, the unfeeling, bigotted confessor of my wife advised her to return to Ireland, and leave me to the fate I merited, of which he entertained not the smallest doubt, because I was a Protestant. During my prison days, no one came near me but Phelim, who, convinced I was incapable of the guilt laid to my charge, would not be induced by menaces or promises to abandon me, though lady Amanda Fitzgerald’s confessor denounced eternal perdition upon his soul for adhering to a heretic.

“The evening before my trial came on, a man, evidently disguised, was introduced into my dungeon, who, after having commented on my perilous situation, offered to aid my escape from prison, and to furnish

me with a sum of money to enable me to leave the kingdom. The mode of my escape was well planned, and likely to succeed; but I refused to fly, and declared my determination to abide the decision of a British jury.

“Never perhaps was prejudice more strong against the vilest malefactor, than was evinced at my trial against me; eleven of the persons empannelled to decide upon my guilt or innocence, were unanimously of opinion that I was the murderer of the unfortunate and lamented Mr. Dorrington, believing I had maliciously and revengefully taken his life, on account of the disputed copse. The twelfth person who composed the jury, a Mr. Sydenham, of whom I had but very little knowledge, though he lived in the vicinity of Bredon Castle, would not admit the justice of condemning a man on such proof as had been brought forward; he would not allow that my unloaded gun, blood-steeped handkerchief, and hat found near the dead body, were evidences of my guilt; in short, he pronounced his absolute conviction of my innocence, and his determination to suffer death himself, rather

than give a verdict against his conscience. Wearied with what the rest of the jurymen termed Mr. Sydenham's obstinacy, from which no arguments or representations of theirs could prevail on him to recede, they were compelled to pronounce a verdict of NOT GUILTY, and I was acquitted."

Madame St. Albe threw herself into the arms of her husband, while Ada, clasping his knees, invoked blessings on the head of him who had refused to believe him guilty.

"This morning," said Mr. Dorrington, "I thought the world did not contain so happy a man as myself; for when I opened my letters, I found their contents concurrent with my wishes; blessings, approvals, and congratulations, met my eye in every line, and my heart throbbed with impatience to reach the casa, that I might communicate to Ada, my beloved Ada, that the consent she had made the condition of my happiness, was joyfully accorded, and that not a single obstacle remained in the path of our happiness. I was impatient to claim her promise that she would be mine, as soon as the baroness Wandesford and her friends

arrived from Ireland: alas! what a change! I am now hurled from the pinnacle on which I stood, proudly exulting, with all my hopes blighted and destroyed. I believe—yes, on my soul, I believe the statement of monsieur St. Albe—I believe him guiltless of the blood of my father; but I dare not outrage the feelings of my widowed mother; I dare not propose to Ada, the gentle, virtuous Ada, to enter a family where, all lovely, as she is, her presence would raise painful and distressing recollections—where her beauty, her amiable qualities—nay, even her acknowledged innocence, might not secure her from scorn and abhorrence.”

“No more, no more,” replied Ada; “we are the victims of a crime hid in mystery and darkness; the perpetrator is not concealed from the omniscience of Heaven, who will yet, I trust, make manifest the innocence of my dear injured father. Let us now part; the trial is severe; but let us not shrink from the performance of our duties.” Ada’s voice trembled, and her eyes were dimmed with tears; but they were quickly dispersed, and in a firmer tone, she

said—"Heaven, Lionel, " will assuredly pour balm on our afflictions. While honouring and consulting the feelings of our parents, we sacrifice to them, to their peace and comfort, the affections we have erringly bestowed upon each other. Farewell, dear Lionel—farewell for ever !"

St. Albe arose, and with graceful dignity offered his hand to Dorrington, who pressed it respectfully to his lips.—"That action, Mr. Dorrington," said St. Albe, "removes a weight of anguish from my heart; for it convinces me that you place confidence in my assertions; for you would not press your lips on a hand you believed had taken the life of your father. Excellent young man, I bid you farewell with deep regret; but I too much respect and honour your feelings, to blame your resigning the hand of Amanda Fitzgerald, worthy as I know she is of being beloved. Farewell, Mr. Dorrington ! in this world it is most probable we shall meet no more; but be assured, you will bear away with you my perfect esteem, my blessing, and my prayers for your future happiness."

Madame St. Albe's eyes rained tears, as, pressing the offered hand of Dorrington, she said—"The blessing of Heaven be upon you!" and followed St. Albe from the room; the major domo, casting a look of pity on the sorrowing pair, left them to take an everlasting farewell of each other.

Dorrington, taking the cold trembling hand of Ada, drew a ring from her finger, which he replaced with one from his own, while he said—"There was a circumstance, my beloved, in the narrative of your father, which inspires me with a hope that his innocence will yet be established, and that this sorrowful hour will be, ere long, succeeded by years of happiness—that I shall return and claim you for my bride. Promise me, Ada—faithfully and solemnly promise me, that you will wait one year from this eventful day, before you accept the addresses of another."

"Alas, Lionel! so many years have passed since this deplorable event, that I have no hope for the future. My noble father, the victim of unjust suspicion, will sink, broken-hearted, to his grave—a melancholy proof of man's fallible judgment; and for

me—oh, Lionel, do not add to my present anguish, by supposing I can ever forget you. But if it will at all soothe the misery of our separation, I promise you never to admit the addresses of another. My true affection is yours in this hour of affliction, and will be only yours to the last hour of my sorrowful existence.”

Many times the unhappy pair bade each other adieu, yet had not resolution to put an end to an interview so distressing to both. At length Dorrington pressed a long lingering kiss on her quivering lip, and tore himself away. As he passed through the hall, he wrung the hand of the major domo, and with a heart too much oppressed for speech, silently mounted his horse, and with a speed that astonished and alarmed his groom, took the road to Turin.

The silence and depression of her young lady, astonished Janet, who as yet was unacquainted with the disclosure made by monsieur St. Albe, and the consequent breaking off the match with Mr. Dorrington. Janet knew her mistress was at times inclined to be serious, and she supposed that she was reflecting on her intended

change of condition, and thinking of the possibility that Mr. Dorrington might not be so good-tempered, and agreeable after marriage, as he was then.—“ Well,” said Janet, mentally, as she left the bedchamber, “ she will think the matter over before she sleeps, and to-morrow she will be as gay and lively as a lark.” But Janet was mistaken; for her young lady became, before morning, alarmingly ill; she was seized with a nervous fever, that resisting medicine, reduced her to a state of such weakness, that monsieur and madame St. Albe feared she would not live to see the baroness Wandesford, who had written to St. Albe her intention to quit Ireland, before the commencement of the winter season. But the health of the severely-tried Ada rallied again, under the attentive care of her affectionate father and his amiable wife; she was also cheered and supported in her afflicting illness by the friendship of lady Stella Egerton, who, with her worthy husband, passed a large portion of their time at the casa St. Albe.

Mr. Dorrington, sunk in the deepest melancholy, visited the cottage of Arnaud,

and left behind him liberal proofs of his bounty; he wandered day after day to all the spots on the St. Albe domain, which he remembered were the favourite retreats of Ada, till perceiving his health decline, his relations persuaded him to quit Piedmont, and instead of making the tour of Italy, as they had intended, they returned with him to England, that he might receive the benefit of his native air, and be under the eye of his mother, whose life they knew was wrapped in his.

Grateful for the affection of her father and his estimable wife, Ada placed a seal on her lips, and never uttered the name of Dorrington; fearful of wounding the feelings of her parent, she never in any instance, or on any occasion, alluded to her own blighted expectations, but patiently hiding in her bosom the pang of regret, as soon as she was able to rise from her couch, returned to her once-pleasing occupations, and endeavoured to divert her sorrows with her pencil, books, and music: in painting and music, madame St. Albe excelled; and in these elegant employments, Ada, during the day, found much solace, for the great

proficiency of madame St. Albe raised in her an emulation that was useful in restoring her spirits; while evening concerts, in which lady Stella bore a part, and to which St. Albe, sir Philip Egerton, and the little Ronaldo, lent their voices, contributed to divert her thoughts from dwelling on the past. Again the sweet pensive smiles of Ada gave pleasure to her father and madame St. Albe, for whose sakes, and for the sake of her young brother Ronaldo, she determined to consider the valley of Cemenus her future home, to make Piedmont the boundary of her wishes, and give up the thought of ever returning to Ireland, where, after the demise of the venerable baroness Wandesford, there would remain none with equal claim to her duty, her gratitude, and affection, as those dear ones with whom she now resided.

But these arrangements by no means met the approbation of Janet, who not being able to speak or understand either French or Italian, protested she preferred Dublin to any place under the sun; and in addition to her dislike to remaining among the foreign mounseers and marmasels, she

had discovered that the major domo was her near relation, and that he had no intention whatever to make love to her, a great and cruel disappointment to the hopes she had entertained; because he was the best-looking man about the place, and the only one with whom she could converse, without being troubled to guess the meaning of half they said; and this downfall of her expectations was not compensated by his promising, that if she conducted herself prudently, and to his satisfaction, he would leave her all he possessed at his death; but this promise Janet thought would hardly be performed before she was grown grey-headed, when she should be past the enjoyment of his riches.—“It is sad work,” said Janet to herself, “waiting for dead men’s shoes.”

On the domain of St. Albe was a spot embosomed in trees, lonely, but of peculiar beauty, which had been a favourite resting-place with Ada and her lover; it was a grotto, formed of granite and porphyry, of an oblong shape, in the midst of which a fountain threw up, to an immense height,

a slender column of pellucid water, which descended into a basin its own weight and velocity had worn in the rock : the bottom of the basin was covered with the elegant white nymphaea ; and on its margin grew in profusion the bright blue euphrasia, known to the peasant girls by the name of FORGET-ME-NOT : the entrance to the grotto was concealed by tall trees, whose umbrageous branches spread a leafy canopy over banks of the freshest verdure, where violets and aromatic creeping plants perfumed the air with their sweetness.

This romantic and secluded spot the vassals of the domain beheld with superstitious awe, and named it the Grotto of the Fairies, where some asserted that at midnight the face of their intended spouse might be seen floating in the basin, at certain seasons, by those who had courage enough to invoke the power of the fairies. To this spot, endeared to her by a thousand tender remembrances, Ada repaired as soon as she was able to go abroad ; for she wished to recline by the fountain, where they had so often sat together, and to weep, unrestrained and unobserved, the loss of him whom she for-

bade her lips to name in the presence of her father and her friends.

Janet had heard so many marvellous tales respecting the grotto, that her superstitious fears made her unwilling to enter, for fear of offending the fairies, who, in revenge, might pinch her black and blue, or widen her mouth to her ears, or twist her nose aside—all which misfortunes she had been told had happened to those who intruded themselves, without the performance of particular ceremonies to propitiate them; and she gladly obeyed the command to walk forward, and wait at a neighbouring cottage till joined by her mistress.

Janet having departed, Ada entered the grotto, and seating herself beside the basin, she mournfully recalled the bliss of the hour when she had last been there, when Dorrington had twined the flowers of the forget-me-not in her hair.—“Those flowers have faded,” sighed she, “and so has my happiness; Lionel will never again renew to me his vow of love; he is now in a far-distant land, and I perhaps am no longer remembered.”

As this painful idea crossed her imagina-

tion, her tearful eyes fell on the edge of the basin, which had been deepened by a broad rim of white marble, and with astonishment she beheld traced, in the well-known characters of Mr. Dorrington, the sad and tender effusions of a heart fondly and faithfully devoted to her, and which she was certain had been written since they had bade each other an eternal adieu. The tears, that gushed in torrents from her eyes, dimmed her sight, and for some time prevented her from gratifying the impatient wish of her heart: at length the paroxysm of grief subsiding, she was enabled to read the sentiments, that more than ever convinced her of the value of the noble heart that a cruel destiny had forbade to unite with hers. The lines, traced with a pencil, on the edge of the basin, were these:—

I would not be forgotten quite
By her whom I adore,
Though weary years may take their flight,
And we may meet no more •
Yet I'd not have her sunk in woe,
Deplore the hour we met,
For that bright hour, where'er I go,
I never can forget.

Yes! long as "memory holds a place
In this distracted brain,"

Fond fancy shall that hour retrace,
 And live it o'er again
 The hope that lit that hour of love,
 In storms and darkness set,
 Yet from my heart 'till never remove—
 I never can forget.

I would not have her cheek grow pale,
 Her eye no longer shine—
 For what would grief like that avail?
 She never can be mine:
 From plighted vows I set her free—
 We meet no more, but yet
 I'd have her sometimes think of me,
 Who never can forget.

I'd have her, at night's solemn hour,
 When low she bends the knee,
 From her pure heart devoutly pour
 A tender prayer for me,
 Who borne by stormy fate along,
 A prey to sad regret,
 May mingle with life's busy throng,
 But never can forget.

The lips of Ada pressed the cold marble, and with a sigh deep and agonizing, she repeated, "I never can forget; I will cherish in my heart's core, dearest Lionel, the remembrance of all thy virtues—I will unceasingly pray for thy happiness—but never—no, never will I forget thee." Again she read the lines, and wept, to think the heart that dictated, and the hand that wrote, were torn from her for ever. Having no implements with her to copy the lines, she

dreaded their being effaced by some rude unhallowed hand, that would pay no respect to what she regarded as a sacred record of faithful love and enduring grief. Her watch reminding her of the hour, she left the grotto, with a resolve to return the next morning, to gain possession of what she considered an inestimable treasure, and pursued her way to the cottage, where she found Janet, in no very placid temper, because she could neither understand, nor make herself understood, by the inhabitants.

The next day, visitors arriving at the casa, prevented Ada's intended return to the Grotto of the Fairies; and at madame St. Albe's request, she accompanied her friends to the church at the village of Doria. Here, on entering the family monument, they found the bier on which was laid the embalmed corpse of Constantia St. Albe, strewn with fresh flowers; and on the velvet pillow that supported her head, a garland of cypress, tied with white ribbon, on which were traced the words, UNCHANGED AND UNCHANGING UNTIL DEATH.

As madame St. Albe expressed no surprise at finding the bed of mortality newly

decorated, Ada supposed the flowers and garland were placed there with her concurrence and by her order, for her emotion did not seem at all extraordinary to Ada, who was aware that any thing relating, even in a remote degree, to her beloved and always lamented sister, agitated and affected her.

When their guests had departed, madame St. Albe afforded a pleasurable surprise, by imparting to her husband her certainty that Giuesppe had returned to Doria, from the circumstance of the St. Albe monument having been entered, and the bier of Constantia newly decorated with fresh-gathered flowers, and a garland, expressive of grief, bearing a motto which could only have been dictated by the heart of a lover, and who could that faithful, that unchanging lover be but Giuesppe?—"In the presence of those worldly-minded beings, who were led by no better sentiment than curiosity to visit the monument of my ancestors," said madame St. Albe, "I restrained, as well as I was able, my feelings of astonishment and pleasure, for I am certain, Giuesppe would not have profaned with unholy touch the sacred resting-place of his

adored Constantia; I know his heart, and am assured he would not have entered the monument of the St. Albes, had he not renounced his errors; yes, it gave me pleasure to believe he is penitent, and has vowed, beside her loved remains, to quit his lawless life and return to virtue."

"This, my Adelaide, is indeed most pleasing and unexpected intelligence," replied monsieur St. Albe; "pleasing to us all, for Ada will, I know, rejoice to learn the noble-minded, though erring Giuesppe, has abandoned his lawless companions on the Col di Tende, and with them the criminal pursuits, that must always have been repugnant to his nature. To-morrow morning," continued St. Albe, "I will ride over to Doria, and seek him out; and if the gratitude of a father for the preservation of his child can lure him to the casa, your friendship, my love, who once beheld him as a brother, and the soothings of my gentle, pensive Ada, shall assist me to reconcile him to himself, and prepare him for a reunion with her, who, though lost on earth, may be regained in heaven."

Monsieur St. Albe proposed concealing

from Ada Giuesppe's return to the valley, intending her an agreeable surprise, by bringing him back to the casa to dinner. Enjoining madame to secrecy, he went out alone after breakfast, to the extreme disappointment of Ronaldo, who had ordered his pony to be saddled, supposing he was to ride out with his father. Madame St. Albe pacified the grief of her son, by promising to take him to Turin; when she next went to visit sir Philip and lady Stella Egerton, to whom he was very partial, and by telling him his sister was going to walk, and would take him with her; but on inquiring of Janet for her mistress, she replied, her lady had gone out alone half an hour ago, and she did not know whether to the Egyptian Temple, the Watch Tower, or the Grotto of Fairies; but to one of the three she was certain, for she had taken a book in her hand, and she knew her lady loved to sit and read in them solitary places.

These solitary places lay wide apart; and Ronaldo knowing how uncertain it was that he should overtake or find his sister, was growing so peevish, that madame, who

seldom resorted to severity, would have found it difficult, to restore him to temper, had not the major domo fortunately been going to a farm at a short distance, and offered to take the young comte with him. The pony was again brought out; Ronaldo mounted on his back, and with a face all radiant with smiles, promised to order a fine fat turkey for mamma, and a nice pigeon for his sister Ada.

Fearful that she should find the lines effaced from the basin in the Grotto of the Fairies, Ada walked hastily to the lonely spot, and in her eagerness to snatch them from oblivion, she entered, and was unclasping the book in which she intended to insert them, before she observed that a gentleman, wrapped in a military cloak, was standing nearly opposite to her. Confused, surprised, and somewhat alarmed, she let fall the book, which he picked up, and gracefully presented to her, and was beginning an apology for having startled her, when she exclaimed—"Giuesppe, my friend, my preserver! is it indeed you I behold?"

The boy's habit in which he had formerly beheld her, had not disguised her beautiful

features; and in the blushing countenance before him, *Giuseppe* recognised her to whom he had some months before given safe convoy to the *casa St. Albe*. At *Ada*'s representation of the regard in which he was still held by *madame St. Albe*, and the often-expressed wish of her husband to render him service, *Giuseppe* was much affected; but when she urged him to go with her to the *casa*, his countenance changed to the deepest sadness; he declared it was impossible. —“ I passed the whole of last night,” said *Giuseppe*, “ beside the mouldering but still lovely remains of my *Constantia*, and I believed my soul became purified, as I solemnly invoked her sainted spirit to attest my solemn renunciation of my guilty courses. I suffered much last night for the loved and lost; the past and the future seemed to pass before me. This morning I came hither, where I have so often sat with my departed angel, to lave my throbbing temples with the pure water of the fountain. I feel refreshed; a healing balm seems shed on my agonized spirit; but the *casa* would again tear open its wounds; the voice of *Adelaide*, so like

Constantia's, would unman me; remembrances of the dreadful past would render me unable to pursue the honourable path I am about to tread. "Angelic creature," continued he, "accept the best wishes of an erring but deeply-penitent man; inform madame and monsieur St. Albe that I have sold my patrimony at Doria, and obtained a commission in the Austrian service, where, if I live, they shall hear I have redeemed my errors. Say to them I will never cease to remember them in my prayers; and when they learn that I have died the death of honour, I entreat them to let my ashes repose beside my adored Constantia."

Ada earnestly begged him not to quit the valley, without seeing or communicating by letter with monsieur and madame St. Albe, who were so much interested in his future prospects and welfare.

"I will write to them," replied Giuesppe; "I can put the thoughts on paper that my tongue would be unable to utter. Good angels shield you, fair excellence; when you pray for the weak and erring, remember the unfortunate Giuesppe."

Ada looked up; she was about to assure

him of her grateful remembrance and her constant prayers, but he was gone. She looked from the entrance of the grotto, but the intervening trees hid him from her sight. It was some time before Ada became sufficiently composed to copy into her book the lines from the marble. Having secured the valued effusion of love and sorrow, she effaced them from the basin.—“They were meant for my eye alone,” said she, “and never shall cold hearts or vulgar tongues comment on the sacredness of the grief they cannot feel or comprehend.”

When Ada returned to the casa, she informed madame St. Albe of her meeting Giuesppe at the Grotto of the Fairies; and before she had related what had passed at this interesting interview, monsieur St. Albe returned from the village, having learned there that Giuesppe had disposed of his estates, and had joined the Austrian army. Having heard Ada's affecting relation, monsieur St. Albe joined in his wife's fervently expressed hope that his mind might regain peace, and that in his military career he might obtain fame and honour.

Late in the evening a letter arrived, ad-

dressed to madame St. Albe. She wept over it, but the drops that fell from her eyes were tears of pleasure, for she was convinced that he was reformed; that if he lived he would gain renown, of which his friends would have reason to be proud; and if he died, he would be worthy to rest beside Constantia in the tomb of the St. Albes.

CHAP. IV.

This man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume.

I see a strange confession in thine eye
Thou snak'st thy head, and holdst it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. *Henry II. Part II.*

How our unstan'd again was his :
Swift from his noble brow the clouds dispers'd,
While joy, another sun, illumin'd his eyes,
And told the glances of his heart for time
Restor'd. *Tell of Weena*

Love is the passion which endureth—
Which neither time nor absence cureth,
Which nought of earthly change can sever
Love is the light that shines for ever.
Its chain of gold—what hand can break it ?
Its deathless hold—what force can shake it
More passion ought of earth may sever,
But souls that love—love on for ever *Anonymous*

Sad was the hour we parted, love, but now
The storm is past that bade our fond hearts sever,
And I am here, true to my plighted vow,
To claim thee, love, my own fair bride, for ever

IN communicating to the baroness Wandesford the unexpected and wonderful discovery that had taken place, and the consequent breaking off her marriage with Lio-

nel Dorrington, the sorrowing Ada had touched but lightly on the misery of her disappointment; but she dwelt largely on the happiness she felt in finding a father in the noble-minded, excellent St. Albe, a man whom only to see, obtained at once the voluntary tribute of respect and love, and her resolve to devote the whole of her life to softening the sorrows and cheering the broken spirits of that dearly-valued parent. But though Ada had said but little on the distressing subject of her separation from Mr. Dorrington, and was silent respecting the perpetual mental conflicts she endured, in trying to subdue her repining spirit, and teaching her wayward heart submission to the severe decree that had wrested from her, even in the hour when she thought it most secure, her happiness for ever.

But the apparent calmness with which Ada wrote did not deceive the baroness, who knew the sensibility of her heart and the acuteness of her feelings too well, to believe she would have consented to marry Mr. Dorrington without really loving him, or that feeling for him a tender attachment, she could part from him without bitter re-

gret; and the worthy lady would have set off at once for Piedmont, to console with her presence the sorrows of her severely-tried child, had not the afflicting insanity of the countess of Vandeleur made an appeal to her humanity, which prevented her from joining with her own relations in forsaking her, who seemed now as ready to disclaim their consanguinity as they were formerly eager to assert it.

In the case of the countess Vandeleur, as well as in most instances of adversity, the world proved its selfish and unfeeling character. The most intimate of her acquaintance either heard of her calamity with unconcern, or protested their nerves were too weak and delicate to endure hearing the ravings of a mad woman; while others expressed their gladness that she was incapable of enjoying the satisfaction of knowing she was a widow, for they knew she hated her husband, and wished for his death. Mrs. Goran and lady Boyle thought it a great pity she had not gone first, for the rich handsome earl of Vandeleur would have been a match that few females would have refused,

though his conduct had not been exactly correct ; but then he was young, and really his errors were not to be wondered at, when it was remembered how extremely unfortunate he was in his marriage, with a woman whose temper was so intolerably capricious and haughty, and whose passion for being admired had been attended with such fatal and horrible consequences.

None of the once gay and flattered countess of Vandeleur's former acquaintance came near her ; very few troubled themselves to inquire after her ; but, with an ingratitude that shocked the amiable baroness Wandesford, seemed to forget she was in existence, now she was no longer in a condition to allow of her inviting them to feast and revelry.

It was this absolute abandonment that awakened the commiseration of the baroness, who was sincerely concerned for the unhappy woman ; but she considered it a paramount duty to support by her advice, and comfort by her presence, the innocent young creature she had brought up—the child of her affection, who, with undeviating and patient endurance of the greatest

affliction that could befall a feeling and attached heart, gave proof of virtue worthy of respect and admiration.

The baroness Wandesford had no acquaintance with lady Ogle, never having met her above once, when she was the honourable Mrs. Chatterton; but knowing how nearly she was related to the countess of Vandeleur, she wrote her an account of the malady with which she was afflicted, and entreated her to take charge of her unfortunate niece. But lady Ogle unfeelingly refused to have any thing to do with the affair, assigning, as a reason, her own ill health and low spirits; she added, she was sorry for lady Vandeleur, but considered her malady a punishment she had justly merited, by her excessive pride, her ungrateful treatment of her, who had always set her the very best example; with other faults too numerous to mention; and as her malady seemed incurable, she thought the properest thing that could be done, was to send her to a mad-house.

This unfeeling advice the baroness rejected; and having made fruitless applica-

tions to all her ladyship's relations, she considered it a duty that she was called upon to perform, to remain near the unhappy maniac, that she might not be abandoned entirely to the mercy of strangers, who, though paid for their attendance, might probably neglect, or otherwise ill treat her; she therefore committed her beloved Ada to the care of that good and all-wise Providence, which had safely led her through so many perils to the arms of her father, and resolved to wait the issue of the fever that had again attacked the countess.

In one of her fits of frenzy, which at times were frightfully violent, the unconscious creature dashed her arm through a window, and received a deep cut from the broken glass, from which she repeatedly tore the bandages that were placed round it, till she fainted from loss of blood. Having now become too weak to resist being undressed, she suffered herself to be reclined on her pillow, where she presently fell asleep, and, to the great relief of her attendants, passed a night of tranquil repose.

In the morning, the fever had much abated, and she spoke rationally: from that

time her senses were restored; but her health was quite gone—the fresh blooming complexion, which had been her pride and boast, was changed to a ghastly sallow—her flesh had wasted from her bones, and she appeared a living skeleton.

When considered able to hear the communication, the countess was informed of the death of her husband. She appeared much shocked, and exclaimed—“May Heaven have mercy on him! may his soul rest in peace!” She then inquired if he had made a will?

The baroness of Wandesford informed her, the earl had been spared long enough to settle his temporal affairs, and she trusted to make his peace with Heaven; for sir Philip Egerton, who, with lord Monaghan, the earl had appointed joint guardians to his son, had written a most satisfactory account of his lordship's penitence, and the peace of his last moments.

The countess was much affected; she wept, and said—“Alas; poor Alfred! we sinned against each other; but I trust he forgave me as sincerely as I forgive him.”

At the request of the countess, the infant

earl of Vandeleur was brought to her apartment. The boy, a child of surpassing beauty, had no recollection of his mother; but he smiled upon her as she caressed him, which she did with tears, observing to the baroness Wandesford, the strong resemblance he bore to his deceased father.—“His person,” said the countess, “will, as he grows up, be the counterpart of the parent he will see no more; but Heaven grant he may be totally unlike him in temper and in principle! ..Poor boy,” continued she, tenderly kissing him, “you will very shortly be an orphan; but the loss of your parents will prove a blessing, rather than a misfortune, for our evil example will not be before your eyes. May Heaven bless and protect you, my child! and may you be as much distinguished for your virtues, as we have been for our follies and our vices!”

The increasing illness of the countess convinced her that her earthly career was nearly at an end, and she wished to be removed to the convent where she had been educated. Her confessor approved the desire she expressed; for though the baroness Wandesford had evinced a most Christian

disposition in the care she had taken of the countess, and was universally acknowledged to be a woman of pious mind, yet she was a Protestant; and the priest thought it would be better for the soul, and more consolatory in the dying moments of his penitent, that she should breathe her last sigh under a roof consecrated to religion, and among persons of her own communion: but the fiat had gone forth; the countess of Vandeleur was appointed to expire under the roof of her, who, like the merciful Samaritan, had taken her in, and administered to her necessities, when those of her own family, and her own church, had un pitying passed her by.

The countess of Vandeleur, after expressing a grateful sense of her benevolence, had taken an affecting leave of the baroness Wandesford, and was waiting for the carriage to draw up that was to convey her to Dublin; she complained of faintness; a glass of wine was poured out for her, but before it reached her lips, she sunk back on her chair, and, breathing a low sigh, instantly expired.

The baroness Wandesford did not expect

so sudden a termination of the life of the countess of Vandeleur; but she did not lament that her sufferings had ceased; her long and painful illness, the baroness believed, had brought her to a proper way of thinking, and made her a sincere penitent; she considered her release a mercy, and trusted that, purified and forgiven, her soul would enjoy eternal happiness.

There was nothing now to detain the baroness in Ireland; and bidding, she believed, a final adieu to Lisburn Abbey, she repaired to Dublin, to settle her affairs previous to her departure for Piedmont, where she had made up her mind to remain with her beloved Ada, for the short time that might yet be allotted her in this life; but at her friend Mrs. Rochford's, the good baroness met the honourable colonel Lismore, who had prevailed on lord and lady Monaghan to pass over with him to England, whither he had promised the duke of Hazlegrave, his relation, to bring his little wife, to introduce her to him, previous to their setting off for the continent.

"My dear madam," said the colonel, addressing the baroness Wandesford, after

hearing her determination to proceed immediately to Paris, “have you thoroughly considered the loneliness, as well as danger, of travelling such a distance by sea and land, without other society and protection than your own servants, who, however faithful and well disposed, might be unable to secure to you such deference, or procure for you such accommodations as would be necessary to your comfort and convenience, and appropriate to your rank?”

The baroness confessed she had only considered the happiness of again beholding her dear long-lost Ada; and being convinced that a female, particularly at her age, would be exposed to danger, as well as much inconvenience, in travelling through a foreign country, with only the protection of two male servants, neither of them young men, she was persuaded to join the party to England, that she might proceed with them to Piedmont, who, though they no longer expected to congratulate Miss Lambert on her marriage, had still an undiminished wish to see and felicitate her on her safety, after having passed through so many

perilous adventures, since her absence from friends by whom she was regarded with undiminished esteem.

In the presence of monsieur and madame St. Albe, Miss Lambart, as we shall continue to call her, constrained herself to appear cheerful; but in her lonely walks, in the solitude and privacy of her chamber, she wept the sorrowing tears of regret and disappointed love, over the miniature of Lionel Dorrington, which she constantly wore in her bosom, and covered his ring, which she never took from her finger, with kisses, repeating, every day and every night, the vow she had made him, never to receive the addresses of another: but while Ada resolved to hold sacred the vow so solemnly plighted in their hour of separation, the friends of St. Albe, aware of her wealth, were anxious that she should marry into their families; and among those who were solicitous to match her with a relative, was the princess Lateroni, whose nephew, a Florentine nobleman, had been introduced to Miss Lambart, and talked of little else but her beauty and her accomplishments. The princess greatly esteemed her nephew and

Miss Lambart, and was desirous of bringing about a marriage, which she thought would conduce to the happiness of both. The marquis Albino was a young man, tolerable in person, of high rank and small fortune, which the princess believed would form no objection with Miss Lambart, whose own immense possessions were more than sufficient to support a splendid establishment, if she could be brought to marry him.

The marquis Albino confessed to the princess, that he had been in love before, but a richer man than himself had offered, and the perfidious beauty, his first love, had deceived him, by marrying his rival.—“I was vexed and mortified,” said the marquis, “and downright melancholy for a day or two; I thought I should never forget, or get over, my first love; but I went on a tour of pleasure with a party of friends, and returned home, cured of my passion, and heart-whole.”

The princess laughed, and said—“There is a trifling coincidence in your history and Miss Lambart’s; she was very near marriage with an English gentleman, some few months since; but the match was sud-

denly, I never could learn why, broken off, and the gentleman soon after left Piedmont, and returned to his own country. But it does not appear to me," continued the princess, "that the young lady is breaking her heart about him, for she sings and dances, and visits among her friends, the same as ever. In short, Lorenzi, I have heard much nonsense about first love never being obliterated from the heart; but I hold the idea as romantic and ridiculous: very few marriages, I have a notion, are formed by first love; and if you are really serious in your wish to obtain the hand of Miss Lambert, I will take an early opportunity of speaking on the subject to my friend, madame St. Albe, who is, I know, in the young lady's confidence; and from her I shall learn what success you are likely to meet."

The marquis Albino, without any sort of pretension to genius, or being very highly gifted in intellect, was an agreeable pleasant companion; he had a fine voice, a correct ear, and sang well; he was remarkably good tempered, and had never failing spirits. The princess Lateroni took him with her

to the casa, where he soon won the regard, and became a favourite with Ronaldo, and consequently with madame St. Albe, who always considered the fondness for children a most excellent trait in the character of a young man, giving the fairest promise of making good husbands and good fathers.

The princess Lateroni, on the watch for opportunities to promote her nephew's interest, soon won madame St. Albe to favour and wish success to the marquis Albino, and to promise to mention his passion for Miss Lambart to her husband; though, at the same time, she assured the princess, that she was certain St. Albe would never attempt to influence Miss Lambart, in an affair of such importance at that of choosing a partner for life; he might commend the good qualities of the marquis Albino—he might speak his opinion of the gentleman's merits, and the great probability that he would make a wife happy, with his kindness of disposition and gaiety of temper; but farther than that, she could take upon herself to say he never would interfere.

The princess Lateroni thought she had gained a great deal, by learning that the

suit of the marquis would not be opposed, but rather favoured by monsieur and madame St. Albe; and as, nothing had been said respecting Miss Lambart regretting her first love, she supposed her nephew might reasonably hope to become a successful wooer.

Miss Lambart very much admired the fine mellow flexible voice of the marquis, and never, when requested, refused to sing with him. She had frequently accepted him for her partner in the dance; but it had never glanced on her mind, that his attentive politeness meant any thing beyond paying her the respect due to the *protégé* of monsieur St. Albe, and the guest of the princess Lateroni, at whose conversaziones she always met him. As a pleasant acquaintance, who contributed greatly to enliven the evenings at the casa, Miss Lambart was always glad to see the marquis Albino arrive; and on the same account, felt sorry when he took his leave, for St. Albe seemed pleased with his company; and as he was a capital chess-player, often engaged him at the game, affording her an opportunity to steal away to her favourite solitudes, where she took a melancholy delight

in meditating on the days of her vanished happiness, in shedding the sad tears of disappointment on the miniature of her beloved Dorrington, in renewing her vow never to receive the addresses of another, and in praying for his peace and unalloyed felicity.

The absence of Miss Lambart the marquis Albino attributed to coquetry; to an intention of making him uneasy, with an affectation of indifference, to render him anxious and impatient for her return. St. Albe having one evening obtained the triumph of winning a game at chess, the marquis took advantage of what he considered a favourable moment, and explained his wishes respecting Miss Lambart. St. Albe's countenance became instantly clouded with sadness, and he remained for some moments silent. The marquis wished himself at Turin; but while he supposed he should no longer be a welcome guest at the casa, his hopes were revived by St. Albe saying—“ If the approval of your suit, marquis, depended on me, you might make yourself certain of success; but Miss Lambart can only be won by her own free will and con-

sent. Be assured, my young friend, you have my good wishes; for I believe nothing on your part would be wanting to make her happy; but I advise you," continued St. Albe, "to defer making any declaration of the passion she has inspired, till you are certain the young lady has a heart at liberty to accept and reward your love, which may not at present be the case; for she has recently experienced a disappointment, which I will candidly tell you, marquis, was, and may be still, deeply felt; but as it appears impossible the treaty of marriage now broken off can ever be renewed, I again repeat, I sincerely wish you success. But do not precipitate matters; wait with patience, and endeavour to engage her regard; do not at present declare yourself; allow some time to delicacy, and the power of absence, which has been known to effect great changes in the heart."

St. Albe ceased; for madame entered the apartment with Miss Lambart and Ronaldo, who joyfully told the marquis he was quite perfect in the song he had given him, and that his sister Ada had taken a great deal of trouble to teach him.

At the request of the marquis, he sang it, and obtained the applause he merited.

Madame St. Albé remembered that an English poet had spoke of music as the food of love, and she thought, that by frequently singing together, the union of voices might effect a union of hearts; and Miss Lambart might become attached to the marquis Albino.

Having, at the desire of madame, sang a duet with Albino, Miss Lambart observed, it gave her more pleasure to listen to the voice of the marquis, than to sing with him; for then she was at liberty to admire its richness and compass.

Albino was delighted with this compliment, and turning from the piano-forte, he bowed to Miss Lambart, and with an expression that could not be mistaken, sang a chanson, which bore this translation:—

“Oh, if my ardent gaze could spy,
One spark of love for me,
Beaming with lustre in thine eye,
It would be ecstasy.

“Till death thy beauty to adore,
I ask but only this:
To be thy slave for evermore,
Would be excess of bliss.

“ And if life's sorrow to beguile,
Thy love, dear maid, were given,
Thy sweet approving, rosy smile,
Would make of earth a heaven.”

The manner of the marquis was so marked, that Miss Lambart could not fail to understand him; she blushed, and bent over Ronaldo, to hide her confusion; and she was glad when, taking Albino's hand, the engaging and sportive boy led him away to see a handsome dog the marquis Colonna had sent him.

The beloved image of Dorrington stood before the mental eye of Ada, and the remembrance of her vow, never, even in thought, violated, affected her painfully; for she considered its sacredness profaned, by her having listened to an avowal of love—and what but an avowal of love could be meant by the marquis Albino? Forgetting the presence of monsieur and madame St. Albe, clasping her hands, over which her tears fell, she exclaimed—“ We shall meet no more, dear Lionel; but I am thine for ever!”

“ Dearest Ada! beloved child! why this renewed emotion?” asked madame St. Albe, soothingly; “ I did hope the extreme vio-

lence of your grief, had passed away, and that time would reconcile you to irremediable disappointment.'

"I have not been mistaken in the heart of my child," said St. Albe; "having placed its affections on an object so deserving, so every way worthy, I could not hope, though I prayed, that the recollection of him might not prevent her bestowing herself on another; but Heaven's will be done! Restrain your tears, my beloved child, and listen to your father's solemn promise, that he will never attempt to influence your mind or actions, in aught that relates to marriage; if you have, on mature reflection, resolved on a life of celibacy, be it so; and perhaps it may be best. Confide in me, my Ada—in me, who will respect your grief, but will never add to it, by persuading you to admit another to that place in your heart which is occupied by Lionel Dorrington. No, Heaven forbid that I should add to your affliction, to the bitter pangs of disappointment, by wishing you to render your present pleasing, though melancholy, recollections of him criminal, by becoming the wife of the marquis Albino.

He has explained his sentiments to me; but I have made no promise to aid his suit, even by advice; it remains with you to encourage or forbid his hopes. Be composed, my Ada; do not apprehend being urged to a measure you cannot approve: the marquis has more feeling and delicacy than to make proposals, when he learns that you cannot approve them."

Ada clasped the neck of her father—"Permit me," said she, "to remain always under your roof, under your protection; for I cannot bestow my hand without my heart, and that is not at my disposal—it is Lionel Dorrington's, and will remain faithfully his, till its last throb is numbed by death. Pardon my grief; I will endeavour to control it—I will strive to be content—I will pray to be made a comfort to you, my dear, dear father."

St. Albe fondly returned her embrace, and, in a voice rendered tremulous by emotion, replied—"We will comfort each other, my Ada—bless thee, bless thee, my child!"

Since her residence at Turin, lady Stella Egerton had become the joyful mother of a

daughter, who was healthy, and likely to live; but though fondly loved by both parents, sir Philip often wished she had been of the other sex. Lady Stella being again likely to increase her family, sir Philip, who hoped the child would prove a boy, was extremely desirous to return to Ireland, that his heir might be born in the home of its ancestors; but lady Stella, wishing to remain at Turin till the arrival of the baroness Wandesford, actually laughed him into suppressing his *amor patriæ* in her presence, though he secretly determined that no christening should take place, till the sacred ceremony of making his boy—for a boy he had fixed his heart upon having—a Christian, should be performed at Egerton Hall, where his grandfather, his father, and himself, had, in regular succession, received the name of Philip.

Miss Lambart, though she had prepared her mind for the departure of lady Stella from Piedmont, could not bear to reflect on the time when she should have no friend who understood or could sympathize with her feelings; for though there were many females of her own age, who had most

warmly professed a friendship for her since her residence at the casa St. Albe, yet her heart refused to admit them to its confidence; there was not one among them that could at all supply the place, or make up to her the loss of lady Stella Egerton.—“No,” said Ada, sighing mournfully, “no, there is but one Dorrington—there is but one Stella in the wide world, and it is my hard fate to be separated from them both.”

Monsieur St. Albe had justly estimated the mind of the marquis Albino, for when his addresses were rejected by Miss Lambert, he had delicacy enough not to press his suit. The marquis had flattered himself that he was approved, and his aunt, the princess Lateroni, had encouraged him in the belief; he felt regret at his rejection; but his heart was not formed for sorrow; for a day or two he looked grave, and neglected his dress, declined an invitation to a dinner-party, heaved a few sighs to the disappointment of his heart, and forgot it, while gazing on the bright blue eyes of the lively Victorina Colonna, who never having felt the tender passion, bestowed on him her first love, and, with the approval of her fa-

mily, consented to be the bride of the marquis Albino.

The princess Latefoni did not disapprove the Colonna alliance; though the family was not wealthy; it was by no means so splendid a match for her nephew as Miss Lambart would have been, but she was a simpleton, and bewailed her first love. Victorina was a favourite with the prince Alfrondi, and her marrying a relation of his might induce the old man to leave part of his immense possessions to the young people.—“But at any rate,” said the princess, “they will be rich enough to live in elegant retirement, on the Albino estate in the vale of Arno.”

Miss Lambart was pleased to find that the marquis Albino had transferred his love to Victorina Colonna, a gay-hearted creature like himself, who seemed disposed to laugh at the cares of life; but she doubted whether the marquis had been actuated by more than fancy, when he professed to be in love with her.—“Had he really loved,” said Ada, “he could not so soon—nay, he never would have forgotten; but I am judging him by myself: and perhaps

the hearts of men are differently organized—they may possess less sensibility, less refinement, and far less constancy than those of women.”

But this idea was afflicting, for it brought with it the possibility that she was forgotten by Dorrington—by him whom she lamented—whom she still loved with undiminished affection; and such is the waywardness of human nature, such its contradictory desires, that while she prayed for his peace, which she knew could only be attained by his forgetting her, she wept, and hoped that her image might not be banished from his memory.

Miss Lambart knew that lady Stella Egerton had received letters from England, but she had imposed silence on herself; she never allowed herself to name Mr. Dorrington; and lady Stella, respecting a forbearance so praiseworthy, never hinted at the communications of lady Mary Wingfield in her presence: but to monsieur and madame St. Albe she was less reserved; she informed them that Mr. Dorrington had become the pale, melancholy shadow of his former self; and that though he made no

complaint of ill health; his afflicted mother and his friends believed his suppressed grief was rapidly hurrying him, in the prime of youth, to a premature grave.

Monsieur and madame St. Albe heard this account with deep sorrow.—“The ways of Heaven are inscrutable,” said St. Albe; “and to us the punishment of these two innocent creatures seems unjust and severe; but doubtless all is for the best; and the duty of mortals is faith, trust, and submission.”

Miss Lambart could not refuse to accompany monsieur and madame St. Albe to the entertainments given by the princess Lateroni and the Colonna family, in honour of the nuptials of the marquis Albino and Victorina Colonna; but in the midst of mirth, her heart was sad, for she could not but remember how near she had once been to similar happiness. At these festivities she met the prince Alfrondi, who having got over his grief for his Milanese mistress, fancied himself in love with Ada; the disparity of their ages presented no obstacle to him, though it forcibly struck sir Philip

Egerton, whom he requested to become his advocate with the young lady.

By way of jest, sir Philip mentioned to Miss Lambart the prince Alfrondi's passion; but he was sorry that he had asked her if she would accept the title of princess, when he saw the shock it occasioned, and heard her say, the sight of the prince Alfrondi always recalled to her memory her own narrow escape with life from the dagger of Ianthe, and the terrible end of the earl of Vandeleur.

The suit of the prince was rejected; and the St. Albe family, wearied with the bustle and parade of visiting, returned again to the tranquillity of the casa, and to their own elegant pursuits. The grotto of the fairies, the watch-tower, and the Egyptian temple, became again the favourite retreats of Ada, where she spent many hours, with no other companions than her own pensive thoughts. Months had passed away, and no tidings having arrived from Dorrington, she became convinced that no hope remained for her.—“We shall meet no more on earth,” said Ada, as her tears slowly fell on the ring he had placed on her finger; “but in

heaven, yes, dearest Lionel, in heaven we shall surely be united."

The death of the good old Arnaud, who had passed from life to eternity, without sickness, pain, or even a struggle, was an occurrence that roused Miss Lambart from the contemplation of her own unhappiness, to the remembrance that she was not the only one that suffered affliction, in life's vale of tears. Having seen the remains of the old man interred, according to his often-expressed wish, in the grave of his wife, Miss Lambart removed Theana from the cottage, and took her under her own immediate protection at the casa; this was a piece of humanity and benevolence Janet did not exactly approve; she had no objection to her mistress providing for the poor destitute orphan, for she thought rich people ought to be charitable; but then Miss Lambart could have paid a trifling pension with Theana at the convent at Doria; and as the girl was of a religious turn, she might have took it into her head to be a nun, and then she would have been provided for as long as she lived, which would have been

far better than bringing her to the casa.

"And what difference can her coming to the casa make to you, Janet?" asked the major domo.

"Difference," repeated Janet, "why a great deal, I can tell you; for I shall be fatigued and plagued to death, to teach her this thing and the other thing, without even having the pleasure to know whether she even thanks me for my trouble."

"Never mind thanks," replied Phelim; "the pleasure of being serviceable to a fellow-creature is reward sufficient."

"Yes, but the poor ignorant thing cannot speak a word of English," resumed Janet; "and only think how tiresome it will be to hear her gabble, gabble, her foreign lingo all day long, and not be able to understand a single word she says."

"Theana may make the same complaint," said the major domo; "but, Janet, what do you think of you and me keeping a school?"

"A school! nonsense, you are joking."

"I am serious, I assure you," resumed Phelim; "let us jointly undertake to educate the little orphan; you, Janet, are very

clever at your needle—you shall teach her to hem, mark, and flourish upon muslin, and I will undertake to instruct her in reading, writing, and accounts; we have both of us a good deal of leisure time on our hands, and I do not see how we can employ it to better advantage."

Janet agreed to try what could be done—"Because," she said, "her heart was pitiful for the poor lonesome creature, that was just like a sparrow on the house-top, without relations, or any body belonging to her; but for all that, teaching her would be the same as speaking to one of the marble statues, and saying to them, take so many threads this way, or put in your needle the other way."

The major domo bade her take courage, for patience and perseverance overcame great difficulties.

"Nobody knows that better than I do," replied Janet; "nobody has gone through more difficulties than I have, and all the wonder is, that I am alive to tell it; and after all my troubles, it is high time I sat down in a house of my own."

"With a family of squalling children

about you," said Phelim, laughing; "well, well, all that pleasure is to come."

Janet thought it was time it was come; for though Phelim had made up his mind to live and die a bachelor, she had no intention to be an old maid, and incur the penalty of leading apes, or sitting behind the door in a certain bad place to mend bachelors' small-clothes; but not wishing to displease Phelim, who had promised to make her his heiress, she said—"To be sure, it was quite time enough for a young girl like her to think of settling; and she was not meaning any thing about marrying, but of living at home with her mother, who was getting in years, and wanted somebody to take care of her when she was ailing with the rheumatis."

Of which office the major domo was certain she would soon grow weary. Janet was young, and he considered her desire to get a husband very natural; but he knew she was vain and unthinking, and likely to make an imprudent choice; he perceived her sole dislike to the young men of Fiedmont arose from not understanding their language, and was not sorry that such a

formidable impediment kept her single. In reply to her assertion, that she was not in a hurry for a husband, he said—"I am glad to hear you say so, for it is time enough yet."

Previous to her departure for England, the baroness Wandesford had informed Miss Lambart, that after remaining a few weeks in that country, she should proceed with lord and lady Monheghan, colonel and lady Indiana Lismore, and their suite, for Turin. Three months had now elapsed since the receipt of that most pleasing information, and Miss Lambart was expecting the arrival of her venerable relation and her friends, with whom she had planned to make many excursions to remarkable spots in the vicinity of the valley of Cemenus.

St. Albe had read in the public prints the most gratifying accounts of the conduct of Giuesppe Vernoni, who had performed such extraordinary acts of valour since he joined the army, that he had been twice promoted, and had obtained the notice of the emperor, who had created him a knight of the order of St. George, and knight of the order of the Royal Crown, distinctions that were

never bestowed but as the reward of superior merit. St. Albe had just begun to read aloud a German paper to his wife and daughter, when a carriage approached the casa, from which two gentlemen in military habits descended, bearing with them something carefully enveloped in black crape. When conducted to the presence of monsieur and madame St. Albe, for whom they inquired, they announced themselves as colonel Walstein and major Werner, officers in the Austrian service, who had been commissioned by their brave brother soldier, colonel Vernoni, to bear to monsieur and madame St. Albe his dying request.

“Alas! is he dead?” asked Miss Lambart.

“His short career of glory, I lament to say, is at an end,” replied colonel Walstein; “the ~~favoured~~ of the emperor, the adored of the soldiers who composed his regiment, is no more. The gallant Vernoni received his death-wound in preserving an infant from the bayonet of a ruffian, who having shot its parents, and plundered their habitation, would have killed the innocent babe also, but for the interference of Vernoni,

whose own life fell a sacrifice to his humanity."

"Peace be to his soul!" said St. Albe, "he is happy; he died in the performance of an act of mercy."

Madame St. Albe and Miss Lambart gave their tribute of tears to this affecting relation, while withdrawing the crape in which it was wrapped, major Werner presented to view a splendid gold urn, on which was exquisitely wrought, in alto-relievo, the brave and humane incident that caused the death of the gallant Vernoni.—
"This urn," said major Werner, "contains the heart of our brave companion in arms; his body has been buried at Vienna, with the highest military honours. In his dying moments, the valiant soldier requested that the letter I have the honour to present, and his heart, might be conveyed to madame St. Albe, in the valley of Cemenus, to be disposed of according to her pleasure."

"Our royal master the emperor," rejoined colonel Walstein, "presented, as a testimony of his high regard, the costly urn that contains the heart of his highly-valued and la-

mented soldier. By the command of the emperor we have journeyed to Piedmont, to execute the earnest desire of colonel Vernoni."

The letter of Giuesppe contained only a few words, but they deeply affected the heart of her to whom they were addressed. —"Adelaide, when you receive this, the unhappy Giuesppe will be as a clod of the valley; if you think I have atoned for my errors, let my heart moulder near Constantia; her image possessed it when living, let it remain near her in death."

The request of the ill-fated, noble-minded Giuesppe was complied with; the Austrian officers saw the urn containing his heart placed as he had directed, at the foot of Constantia's bier. This melancholy ceremony being concluded, they again departed for Germany, to report to the emperor that colonel Vernoni's fate was lamented by two of the most beautiful females in Piedmont, and that he had not been less beloved in his native valley than among his soldiers.

"The spirits of Giuesppe and Constantia are reunited," thought Ada, as she sat pensive in her chamber; "all the misery of

their earthly separation is forgotten, and they will dwell together in blissful eternity. Why are we so attached to this life, where all is uncertainty—where, at the very moment we consider our happiness most secure, we are plunged into irremediable sorrow—into misfortunes that can never be surmounted? Why should the grave appear so terrible, when religion assures us its darkness is only the passage to a region of light and felicity? And wherefore do we weakly lament for the dead? Ought we not rather to rejoice that their sufferings are past, that the wicked have ceased from troubling, and that their franchised souls have reached that blessed haven where no storms can cloud or disturb the tranquillity of their bright and glorious resting-place? Constantia," continued she, musing, "Constantia could not survive a separation from her lover; she died broken-hearted; but my heart is hard, it will not break, though I love as ardently as she did, and surely I have more cause for sorrow. How many of my young acquaintance look on me with envy, because they know I possess wealth, but, alas! I have sadly proved it inadequate

to purchase or ensure happiness; and I would gladly exchange conditions with the humblest peasant, if the lowliness of my state would remove from me the corroding grief that preys upon my heart—if it would restore to me, with love unchanged, him whom I shall behold no more, who, engaged in new pursuits, has perhaps forgotten the ill-fated Ada.”

One evening, as Miss Lambart sat pensively musing over the events that had occurred during the last twelve months of her life, a milk-white dove flew in at the lattice, and perched on her shoulder.

“If I was at all inclined to believe in omens,” said madame St. Albe, “I should say something fortunate will shortly happen to you, my dear Ada.”

“Yes,” replied Miss Lambart, smiling, “the arrival of my honoured and beloved relation, my more than mother, the baroness Wandesford—I should suppose she must be on her way hither—I know of nothing that would appear so fortunate, or give me so much pleasure, as her arrival.”

The dove fluttered round Miss Lambart for some time, and at last suffered her to

catch it.—“ If you will stay with me, my pretty bird,” said she, smoothing its snowy plumes, “ you shall not be put in a cage—I will not clip your lovely glossy wings, but you shall be at liberty to come and go as you please.”

The dove appeared to understand what she said, and to assent to her proposal, for it perched on her harp, and folding its white wing over its head, quietly resigned itself to sleep.

The next morning, monsieur St. Albe proposed to madame and Miss Lambart to ride over to a farm of his in the valley.—“ At a short distance from the farm,” said monsieur St. Albe, “ there is a remarkable cascade, to which is attached a very romantic legend, that Dora, the pretty daughter of the farmer, will relate to you; and a mile below the cascade there are the ruins of a fortress, and a broken arch, which I think you will consider fine subjects for your pencil. Come, Ada, get your portfolio, and let us be going.”

“ Sister Ada will not sketch the arch this morning, papa,” said Ronaldo, “ for

there is a carriage—one, two, three carriages driving through the gate.”

“It is my dear, dear mother,” said Ada, throwing down her portfolio, and flying into the hall, where, before she reached the entrance, she was pressed to the heart of Lionel Dorrington.

“My own Ada, my beloved, you are mine,” said he; “we will never part again; your father, my adored, is——”

But joy, the unexpected rapture of seeing Dorrington, was too much for her spirits, weakened as they were by incessant grief, and she sunk into his arms, unconscious that he was the bearer of joyful tidings, and unable to bid him welcome.

When she recovered, she found herself supported in the arms of the baroness Wandesford, who, with tears of gladness and affection streaming from her eyes, repeatedly embraced and blessed her; and there was the young Ronaldo, clinging round the neck of Dorrington, and telling him not to go away again, for he had made them all very sorry; and his dear sister Ada had never been merry since he went to England; and she had been very ill.—“Mamma

and papa thought she would die," said Ronaldo; "and when she got better, the marquis Albino, and the prince Alfrondi, wanted to marry her, but she would not have either of them."

Miss Lambart's blushes were spared, for, fortunately, she did not hear the account given by her brother of her dejection in his absence, and the matrimonial offers she had refused; for she was congratulating lord and lady Monheghan, and colonel and lady Indiana Lismore, on their marriages, and receiving their assurances of the delight it afforded them, to see her alive, and safe, after all her perils by sea and land.

In the mean time, a gentleman and lady, habited in deep mourning, had retired to another apartment with monsieur and madame St. Albe: when the door had closed, the lady cast herself at his feet, and discovered to St. Albe a countenance extremely beautiful, though past the prime of youth, and bathed in tears.—"Thus humbly prostrate at your feet, most injured of men, do I beseech you to pardon my unjust suspicions," said she, her overflowing eyes at-

testing the sincerity of her grief, and aiding her petition.

"Rise, madame, I entreat you," replied St. Albe, much moved; "I cannot see a lady in that humiliating posture. If I mistake not, I have the honour of speaking to the mother of Mr. Dorrington?"

"And the widow," resumed she, "of him——"

Her voice faltered, and her emotion prevented her proceeding. Madame St. Albe led her to a seat, and administered volatiles to compose her.

"And you, sir," said St. Albe, to the gentleman, "you, if my memory deceives me not, are the person who visited me at my ruined castle in Ireland; it was you to whom I am indebted for preserving me from the commission of a desperate act."

"There is no longer a motive for concealment; I am the person who offered to aid your escape from the dungeon at Worcester; it was I that visited you at your castle in Ulster. My name is George Barnaby, and I came commissioned by Mr. Sydenham, whose agent and steward I then

was, to offer you a sum of money, and persuade you to go abroad."

"Mr. Sydenham offer me money, and wish me to fly my country!" repeated St. Albe; "I am astonished! I never spoke to him. He was accounted a misanthrope; I disliked his character, and avoided his acquaintance."

"Alas! the unhappy miserable man is no more," said Mrs. Dorrington.

"Yes, he is dead," resumed Barnaby; "and whatever was his sin against others—whatever were the errors he committed, to me he was the kindest, most generous of friends: he lived for many long and weary years, the prey of heart-corroding remorse: he died wasted in form, and broken in spirit; but he did not, could not die, Mr. Fitzgerald, till he had justified you."

"He, Mr. Sydenham justify me? Do I understand you properly—Mr. Sydenham?"

"Heaven is merciful; my prayers are heard," exclaimed madame St. Albe, in a tone of grateful joy. "Speak on, sir; gratify my impatience; tell me how has the innocence of my husband been justified?"

"By the confession," replied Barnaby,

“of him who unfortunately shot Mr. Dorrington.”

“Madame St. Albe, plead for me with your injured husband,” rejoined Mrs. Dorrington; “remind him that I was taught to believe he had maliciously and revengefully murdered him, to whom my affections were devoted in the bloom of my days—him to whom I was attached with all the devoted faithfulness of a wife—the father of my son, then scarcely four years old—entreat him to forgive me, for the sake of that son, so early deprived of the instruction and example of the best and worthiest of parents—beseech him to forgive my error, for the loved sake of Lionel Dorrington, who never would believe him guilty.”

“Eternal Providence, receive my thanks and praise!” ejaculated St. Albe, devoutly raising his eyes to heaven; “let my soul gratefully praise and thank thee, that by trials and afflictions provest the faith and submission of man. Let me praise thee, that I can joyfully embrace my wife and children—that I can tell my daughter, the foul stigma of guilt is removed, and I can bid her proudly acknowledge herself a Fitz-

gerald, a scion of the noble race, the lustre of whose fame was never blurred, till a fatal and mysterious event cast upon me, an unoffending man, the imputation of crime."

"The imputation is removed by me, who ignorantly sinned in believing you criminal—in considering yours the hand that had desolated my happiness, made me a widow, and my son fatherless; I, who thought you my worst enemy—yes," continued Mrs. Dorrington, "I, who prosecuted and put your life in jeopardy, through a combination of false, though corroborating appearances, I have asserted your innocence, Mr. Fitzgerald—I have caused the dying confession of Mr. Sydenham to be inserted in every newspaper in England, signed with the names of Mr. Barnaby, myself, and son, and the reverend Mr. Shelby, to whom the astonishing confession was made by the wretched man."

"To you, madam, I attach no blame," replied St. Albe; "your duty, as a wife, imperiously called upon you to act towards me as you did; you would justly have been accused of want of affection for your husband, had you not prosecuted his sup-

posed murderer. You had always my sincere commiseration and respect; appearances were strongly against me, with only my own assertions to oppose and disprove them. Forgiveness, madam, I have none to accord; against me, I cannot in conscience say you have offended; believe me, I never considered you my enemy—for in the sight of Heaven and man, your conduct was righteous and just” As he spoke he respectfully pressed the greatly-affected Mrs. Dorrington’s hand to his lips.

“I beseech you, Mr. Barnaby,” said St. Albe, “satisfy my impatient curiosity; how had Mr. Sydenham the power to exonerate me? what confession did he make, that had the blessed effect of proving the injustice of my accusation?”

“Satisfied that he was past recovery, and actually at the point of death,” replied Mrs. Dorrington, “Mr. Sydenham entreated to see my son and myself. I was unwilling to visit him, for I remembered his ungrateful enmity to my ever-lamented husband, which I then believed had induced him to give a verdict of acquittal to you, against the opinion of the judge and his fellow-jurymen.

I was, however, prevailed upon to attend his summons; I found him so altered in person, so changed from the gay handsome man I had formerly known, that I could scarcely believe him the same: and, judge my astonishment, my horror, and my grief, when he acknowledged that his hand, though he solemnly declared accidentally, had destroyed my beloved husband."

The tears of Mrs. Dorrington prevented her from fainting; while St. Albe, nearly as much agitated as herself, exclaimed—"Villain! consunmatè villain! it was conscience, then, that compelled his conduct, when I was tried for the murder he committed! he could not, no, his goading and upbraiding conscience would not permit him to take my life also."

"Speak not so harshly; judge him not too severely," rejoined Mr. Barnaby; "my unhappy friend was no murderer; the death of Mr. Dorrington was undesigned and accidental."

"If so, why was it concealed?" asked St. Albe; "why was I made a victim? why was my name rendered infamous in the public ear? why did he not acknowledge

his unintentional offence? why basely cause another to suffer undeserved opprobrium?"

"To explain all this, I have journeyed from England with Mrs. Dorrington," replied Barnaby, to whom the task he had undertaken was evidently afflictive. "I was the agent of Mr. Sydenham, when I visited you in the prison at Worcester: I was acting by his command when I followed you to Ireland, and traced you to your lonely castle in Ulster; and I am now here, in conformity with his dying injunction, to disclose to you all the circumstances of this unhappy and hitherto mysterious affair, to put you in possession of the reasons that prevailed on him, against his better feelings, to keep secret that terrible occurrence, the recollection of which has poisoned every moment of his existence, and finally crushed him into a premature grave."

Barnaby paused, for he perceived Mrs. Dorrington turn pale, which not being observed by St. Albe, he begged him to proceed—"For though," said he, "my heart is mercifully relieved from the distressing load that heavily pressed upon it, yet till the

cause why it was laid upon me is explained——”

“Spare me, I entreat you,” interrupted Mrs. Dorrington; “I feel unable to listen again to the horrible recital. The baroness Wandesford and her friends are already in possession of the melancholy history of our unprecedented sorrows. Permit me to return to them, while Mr. Barnaby gives you the narration.”

As Mrs. Dorrington retired, Miss Lambert entered the apartment: unheeding the presence of a stranger, she threw herself into the expanded arms of her father, joyfully exclaiming—“My father, my dear father! you are justified in the sight of men! your innocence is made known to all the world! I may now proudly boast, that I am the daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald! Sir Philip and lady Stella Egerton are just arrived with English newspapers; they have hastened hither, to offer their congratulations, to rejoice with us! My father! my dear, my honoured father! bless your now superlatively happy child!”

St. Albe, returning her rapturous embrace, resigned her to madame St. Albe,

whose joyful tears mingled with Ada's, while their mutual thanksgivings were offered up to Him, the Mighty One, who, in the beginning, brought light out of darkness, and from whose omniscient eye the most secret occurrence is not hidden.

Having become more composed, St. Albe sent to require the presence of sir Philip and lady Stella Egerton, to whom, after receiving their warm congratulations, he said, "I owe you much gratitude for the credit you have given to my assertions, and that, when acquainted by Mr. Dorrington with the reasons which set aside his marriage with my daughter, you did not withhold from me your confidence, nor withdraw from her the consolation of your friendship: accept my thanks—my eternal esteem; you have read, my Ada tells me, the *amende* made to my injured character in the English papers."

Sir Philip and lady Stella again repeated their congratulations on the happy elucidation of an affair that had so long clouded the felicity of monsieur and madame St. Albe; they also spoke with joy of the return of Mr. Dorrington, whose health had

received a rude shock, by the disappointment of his hopes, and his separation from Ada, the chosen of his heart.

"Alas! yes, my father," said Ada, "Lionel is indeed sadly altered; we have all suffered, but now," continued she, smiling and blushing, "the peace of our minds will be restored."

"Heaven grant it!" replied madame St. Albe; "and that with the restoration of unblemished fame, my noble husband may regain happiness; and that I may see the sunshine of his mind reflected in his countenance!"

"With you, my amiable Adelaide," returned St. Albe, "my wedded life has been most happy; and if the sad recollection of past events has deprived me of cheerfulness, my heart has always been truly and gratefully sensible of your virtue, sweetness, and gentleness, that has soothed and borne my wayward humour with unexampled and unwearied patience.—Sir Philip—lady Stella," continued St. Albe, "I sent for you hither, to hear a disclosure this gentleman, Mr. Barnaby, has to make; he has

taken the trouble to come from England, a long and weary way, to bear to me the confession of that wretched guilty man—but he is gone to his account; may he meet pardon at that tribunal, where he will stand accused of the murder of my good name—of all the long years of misery he has occasioned me! but they are past, and I pray that the sorrows he heaped on me may not be visited on his soul; may he be forgiven! Mr. Barnaby, in the presence of these my friends, I wish your communication to be made.”

“It is a most painful task that has devolved on me,” replied Barnaby; “but it was the last request, almost the last words that Mr. Sydenham uttered, that I would attend Mrs. Dorrington and her son to Piedmont, and bear to Mr. Fitzgerald the assurance of his penitence—his never-ceasing remorse, and earnest supplication that he would forgive a crime that originated in disappointed and unconquerable love.”

“Mr. Sydenham has my forgiveness,” said St. Albe; “my resentment expires in his grave; but let me not interrupt you.”

“Mr. Dorrington and Mr. Sydenham,”

resumed Barnaby, "were friends from childhood; they were both only sons, and heirs to large estates in Worcestershire; they were educated together at Winchester, and at a proper age, became fellow-collegians at Oxford. No two persons were more opposite in temper than Alaric Sydenham and Lionel Dorrington; the former was irritable, passionate, and when displeased, whether from a real or imaginary offence, hard to reconcile or appease; the latter was placid, not easily provoked, and when offended, was pitiful and forgiving. Yet, notwithstanding this dissimilarity of temper, the young gentlemen were warm friends and inseparable companions: they had apartments next to each other in college, they pursued the same studies, rode together, and seldom visited, or went to a place of amusement, but in each other's company. On the race-ground at Worcester, the young friends saw a lady whose beauty they much admired: at the steward's ball they got introduced to her; she was the amiable and accomplished daughter of sir Robert Ellery. After their introduction,

the young gentlemen were frequent visitors at sir Robert's house, and confessed to each other their mutual passion for Amelia; at the same time promising not to make any proposals, but to leave it to her to decide between them, by showing a preference, which would be easily discovered by her manner.

“ Mr. Dorrington had a fine voice, sung well, and understood music, the only science in which he excelled Mr. Sydenham, who had neither voice nor ear, and was unable to join in the concerts that were frequently given at sir Robert's, who was himself a good musician and fond of musical parties. Miss Ellery and Mr. Dorrington often played on the same instrument, and sang together those duets that fed the passion they had mutually inspired.

“ Irritated and displeased at the tender looks that he fancied were exchanged between Miss Ellery and his friend, Mr. Sydenham, when they returned home, accused Mr. Dorrington of deceitful conduct—of taking unfair advantages—of artfully insinuating himself into her favour, by warbling love in her ears.

“ Mr. Dorrington endeavoured to soothe the ill temper of his jealous friend—protested, what was really true, that he had never hinted his passion to Miss Ellery, though he at the same time acknowledged, that he had never seen a female he so much approved, or for whom he felt so warm a regard.

“ Soon after this, Mr. Sydenham’s father died, and his home became so extremely lonely, for he had been deprived of his mother when he was quite a child, that he apprized his friend of his intention to make proposals to Miss Ellery, who was the only female he ever could love, and whom he thought exactly calculated to make his home cheerful and pleasant to him.

“ This was an infringement of their agreement, and certainly betrayed a selfish disregard of the feelings of his friend; but *‘beauty is a witch, against whose charms faith melteth into blood.’*

“ Mr. Dorrington loved Miss Ellery most ardently, but was ready to sacrifice his own hopes to promote the happiness of his friend; he therefore offered no opposition to his intention, but wished him success, though

not without feeling uneasiness, which he believed would be best conquered in absence; he therefore left the field to his friend, and returned home to Woodville Priory. Mr. Sydenham lost no time; he declared his passion to Miss Ellery—made her an offer of marriage, and was refused. His suspicious temper immediately attributed his disappointment to the influence Mr. Dorrington had secretly obtained over the affections of the young lady, to whom he persisted in believing he was privately paying his addresses. This suspicion Mr. Dorrington was at much pains to remove; for at that time he had never spoken of love to Miss Ellery; but all his assurances failed to convince Mr. Sydenham that he was not acting deceitfully, and that he was not his rival.

“From this time Mr. Sydenham became cold and distant to the friend and companion of his youth, proving that *‘friendship is constant in all other things, save in the office and affairs of love;’* and quitting Worcestershire, he remained from his home several months, holding no correspondence with any of his acquaintance. At

this time he was making the tour of England, in the hope of forgetting his disappointment. But love for Miss Ellery had entered too deeply into his heart to be eradicated; and when, after a long absence, he returned, and found her married to Mr. Dorrington, he was seized with an illness that threatened to deprive him of existence. Happy had it been for him if he had then died!

“ During this period of his suffering, Mr. Dorrington made many calls at his house; but his former friendship was turned to irreconcilable hatred, and he peremptorily refused to see him. Contrary to expectation, Mr. Sydenham recovered his health; but he was no longer the gay, lively character he had been; he was no more seen at balls or public amusements; he constantly declined visiting where ladies were of the party; nor did he appear to take pleasure in any thing but shooting, in which diversion he was always attended by his game-keeper, a faithful servant, who had lived in the family since Mr. Sydenham was a child.

“ I have hitherto spoken,” continued Barnaby, “ only of the bad qualities of Mr.

Sydenham; but he had many good ones also, to which, if I did not bear testimony, I should be most ungrateful; he was generous and charitable—to me particularly so, to whom he was a most liberal benefactor and patron. I was, at one time of my life, through misfortunes in trade, involved in pecuniary difficulties, that had reduced my family to a state of poverty, from which it was impossible we could have recovered, had it not been for the prompt and liberal assistance afforded me by his humane interference. I afterwards became Mr. Sydenham's steward, and the confidential friend to whom he often bewailed the hopeless passion he continued to feel for Mrs. Dorrington; his love for her, he declared, would never be extinguished, nor his hatred of her husband be subdued; for he should always believe he had basely robbed her of her affections. Unfortunately," continued Barnaby, "this implacable hatred was no secret; for it had been frequently and so openly expressed by Mr. Sydenham, that when entertainments were given in their vicinity, Mr. Dorrington and himself were never invited together, for fear of a quarrel

arising, that might disturb the harmony of the party, and place their mutual friends in unpleasant situations.

"I fear," said Mr. Barnaby, "I am tedious in my narrative; but what I have related was necessary, to explain the motive that actuated the conduct of Mr. Sydenham in the melancholy affair I am now to speak of. Mr. Sydenham was sufficiently unhappy in the disappointment of his affections; but he was to be taught, that his sufferings from unrequited love were ease and balm, compared to those inflicted by remorse.

"Early in the shooting season, Mr. Sydenham had gone out with Saunders, his gamekeeper, and, contrary to his usual success, for he was accounted a capital marksman, he had shot only a few small birds. They were standing in a field, which was separated from a hazel copse by a high thorn hedge, when Mr. Sydenham said he would return home, for he was possessed with an idea that some ill luck was about to befall him. Saunders was a favourite with his master, and was allowed a freedom of speech that would not have been tolerated in any

other of his servants. Saunders laughed heartily, and repeated—‘ Ill luck ! Why, to be sure, folks did say that granny Humphreys was a witch, and that the black cat that lay sunning itself on the stone, by her door, was one of the devil’s imps, that she kept with her to do her wicked and unlawful bidings ; but he never supposed the squire, as he called his master, put any faith in such idle talk. The old fool pretends to tell fortunes ; I wonder if she is wise enough to tell her own, or knows what is likely to happen to herself.’ Saunders laughed again.—‘ For if she fills my Susan’s head with any more of her rigmaroles about marrying a gentleman, and keeping a coach and six, I will speak to justice Higgins, and have her sent packing to her own parish, as sure as my name’s John Saunders ; for I am not a bit afraid of her bewitching me.’—‘ Witch, or no witch, I wish we had not met her this morning,’ replied Mr. Sydenham ; ‘ and that is not all ; I aimed at a pheasant, and brought down a poor little harmless wren—a bird that I have been taught from a boy to consider sacred.’—‘ Oh yes, sir,’ said Saunders, ‘ I remem-

ber the old saying—"A robin and a wren —" then breaking off suddenly, and pointing with his finger—"Look, look, sir! Yonder runs a hare!" the animal ran into a hole in the hedge. Mr. Sydenham fired, and instantly heard a groan, or rather shriek.—'What the devil is that?' said Saunders; 'the hare, if she is shot, did not make that strange noise.'

"Mr. Sydenham, in alarm, looked through the hedge, and staggering back against Saunders, his countenance aghast with horror, said—"Unfortunate wretch that I am! I have shot Mr. Dorrington."

"Their first impulse was to push through the hedge to his assistance, but this intention was prevented by their seeing a person at a distance, who appeared coming towards the copse; this person, Mr. Fitzgerald, unfortunately happened to be you. Mr. Sydenham was unwilling to quit the spot, but Saunders urged him, saying they should be accused and hanged for wilful murder, for no one would believe that it was an accidental affair, because it was well known all over the country, what an enemy he was to Mr. Dorrington. This suggestion, too pro-

bable indeed to the mind of Mr. Sydenham, induced him to yield to the persuasion of Saunders, and hasten from the spot. The sad consequences that followed that fatal event, I need not repeat to you, Mr. Fitzgerald," continued Barnaby, "but I can never find words sufficiently powerful and expressive, to describe to you the agony of mind endured by Mr. Sydenham, not only on account of having deprived of life the man for whom he had formerly felt the truest friendship and esteem, but that through him an innocent person should be placed in such imminent peril, be stigmatized and held in detestation throughout the whole country, and that for a deed he had committed, and which, though absolutely unintentional, filled him with horror, grief, and remorse; his unextinguishable love for Mrs. Dorrington, the dread of being held in abhorrence by her, and a latent hope that she might yet in time be brought to bestow herself upon him, prevented Mr. Sydenham from avowing himself the slayer of her husband; but when he learned that the opinions of those most learned in criminal cases agreed that the proofs brought against Mr.

Fitzgerald must assuredly affect his life, he despatched me to the prison, to propose and offer the means of escape, at which the keeper of the prison was largely bribed to connive; but you, Mr. Fitzgerald, nobly refused to fly; and as the only means to save your life, though he was certain he must for ever relinquish the hope of gaining the hand of the woman he adored, and that he should confirm the world in a belief that his hatred pursued Mr. Dorrington beyond the grave, he got himself, with much trouble, empannelled as one of the jury, to decide on your guilt or innocence: Mr. Sydenham's verdict, considered by the whole country as proceeding from obstinate and inveterate hatred, acquitted you. No doubt, Mr. Fitzgerald, your sufferings and sorrows have been manifold, since that terrible period: But when I was sent to you in Ireland, with the offer of future support in a foreign country, I left Mr. Sydenham in a state of mind worse, far worse than yours, for he had destroyed a friend, whose virtues and various excellencies continually recurred to his memory, and reproached him for the unjust enmity he had borne him;

the tears of his bereaved widow seemed to fall on his heart like molten lead, scorching and drying up the healthful springs of life; and in addition to this, he had the misery of knowing that he had murdered your reputation—destroyed your domestic peace: nor was this all; the verdict he had compelled the jury to give, created general disgust; he was abandoned by all his former acquaintance; he was shunned as a monster, whose ruthless and vindictive mind was not to be satisfied, even by the death of the object of his hatred.

“ Many years of unutterable misery were passed by Mr. Sydenham, in which he would gladly have exchanged situations with the poorest man on his estate, could the relinquishing of fortune have restored his friend to life, or have given back to his nights the undisturbed sleep he had once enjoyed; but tranquillity had flown from him, never to return; the widow of Mr. Dorrington, as might be well expected, beheld the wretched man with dislike; and his utterly hopeless love increased the agony of his mind, which unceasingly presented to him the ingratitude and cruelty of his conduct to the

friend he had slain, and the wretchedness he had poured on a man, who had been honoured, esteemed, and respected, till his unfortunate hand wrested from him fame and fortune, and drove him from all that rendered existence valuable. This life of gloom and misery had reduced Mr. Sydenham to a shadow; and I thought his wretchedness could admit of no addition; but in this I was mistaken—it had not yet attained its height.

“Saunders, in passing through the hazel copse one evening, in the twilight, met the reputed witch, Dorcas Humphreys, who was muttering to herself, and gathering the fallen leaves and dry sticks into her apron.—‘What spell are you muttering, you old hag?’ asked Saunders; ‘whose horse is to be lamed, or whose cow’s milk is to be dried up? what evil deed is it you are requiring your master, the devil, to do for you?’—‘I am asking nothing of the prince of darkness, John Saunders,’ replied the old woman, ‘for I have no more to do with him than you have, perhaps less; I am just praying to see the spirit of Mr. Dorrington.’ Saunders, though a man of

strong nerves, felt an uneasy sensation of dread as the gloom deepened around them; and the old woman continued—‘It was just there,’ pointing with her long shrivelled finger, ‘ay, on that very spot, the poor gentleman fell, and the twenty-first day of September the day he was shot; his blood is to be seen on the root of that tree, as plain as if it was newly shed.’—‘Have you seen the blood?’ asked Saunders.—‘No,’ replied Doreak, ‘no, I have not seen it, but others have; and folks say Mr. Dorrington’s spirit walks here by the side of the hedge, and I come here every evening at dusk, and I watch till the church clock strikes twelve, that I may see Mr. Dorrington’s ghost.’—‘Has your watching succeeded,’ demanded Saunders, ‘have you seen the ghost?’—‘No, I have not yet seen it, but I hope and pray I shall,’ replied the old woman.—‘Why,’ asked Saunders, ‘why do you wish to see Mr. Dorrington’s ghost? what good would such a sight do you?’—‘A great deal of good; I want to ask the spirit a question,’ said the old woman.—‘A question!’ repeated the gamekeeper; ‘what question can an old

crone like you have, to ask? something about the other world, I suppose; but as you cannot expect to live long, you may as well wait patiently till you can satisfy yourself in person.'—'The time is appointed for us all,' replied Dorcas; 'and though I am old, and you are in the prime of your days, John Saunders, perhaps you may be called away before me.'

'The blood of Saunders ran cold in his veins at this observation; it seemed to him a prediction; but trying to shake off the apprehension of death her words had excited, he laughed and said—'Why, goody, if it was possible for Mr. Dorrington's ghost to appear, you would never have the courage to speak to it.'—'Why what should hinder me from having courage, I wonder,' replied Dorcas; 'I never did him harm, in thought, word, or deed—I did not shoot him—I do not know who was his murderer—I did not conceal the guilty shedder of blood, and let another bear the shame and the blame.'

'Saunders felt alarmed, for he suspected she knew who really shot Mr. Dorrington, and he hastily asked what she meant?—'I

mean,' replied the old woman, 'that I never will believe that good charitable gentleman, Mr. Fitzgerald, committed the murder; no, no, he gave bountifully to the old and the poor; he regularly attended divine worship at the village church; and is it likely he would commit murder? I tell you what, John Saunders, Mr. Fitzgerald, may Heaven bless and preserve him wherever he is! no more shot squire Dorrington than I did, who never fired gun or pistol in all my life.'—'Who,' asked the game-keeper, 'who do you suppose did shoot him?'—'Ay, that's the very thing I want to know,' returned the old woman; 'I wish I could suppose the truth, for I am so troubled about it, for all it happened so many years ago, that I get no peace in my bed; for several nights together I dreamed that somebody bade me go to the hazel copse, and I should be sure to find out who shot squire Dorrington; so here I come every evening, expecting to see Mr. Dorrington's spirit, but it has not appeared yet.'—'I suppose not,' said Saunders, 'but if the spirit should appear, what will you say to it?'—'Why I will fall down upon

my bare knees,' replied Dorcas, 'and ask, in the name of all that is holy, whether it was Mr. Fitzgerald, that did the murder.'—
'Go home, go home!' returned Saunders; 'the night is raw and cold; it is coming to rain; I am chilled all over, standing so long on the damp grass; go home, goody Humphreys, and let Mr. Dorrington's spirit rest, for depend upon it he will never come out of his grave to satisfy your curiosity.'—
'John Saunders,' said the old woman, shaking her head, and laying her cold skinny hand on his, 'go you home; I shall watch here till after midnight, for something tells me, that through me, poor aged destitute creature that I am, Mr. Dorrington's murderer will be brought to light; the rain is beginning to fall—hasten home to your bed, John Saunders, and sleep if you can.'—
'If I can!' repeated he; 'why what should hinder me?'—
'How can I tell,' replied Dorcas; 'sleep does not always come to those who have full and plenty of the good things of this life, any more than it does to the poor souls that lie down on straw beds with empty stomachs: go your ways, man; this small rain will wet you to the skin, and

you may be the worse for it; but for me, Heaven help, I am used to wind and rain, and it never hurts me: go home to your master, John Saunders, and tell him that old Dorcas Humphreys prays every night and morning, that all his sins may be forgiven him, because he would not join the avengers of blood, in condemning an innocent guiltless man.'

"The body of Saunders was wet and cold, and his mind was chilled with a dread that fell upon him while he was conversing with the old woman; for the first time he was struck with an awful conviction of the great sin he had committed, in consenting that Mr. Dorrington's death should be imputed to Mr. Fitzgerald: in his way home, Saunders had to pass the oak avenue that leads to Bredon Castle; the face of the moon was covered with clouds, and thick small rain was falling heavily; there was but little wind. yet as Saunders came near the avenue, the branches of the venerable oaks creaked, and made a hollow melancholy sound, as it shook and rushed through them; the spirits of the man were depressed by the discourse of the old woman, and the

loneliness of the place; a goading pang disturbed his conscience, and compelled him to stop when he reached the iron gates by the porter's lodge; he gazed on the deserted appearance of the avenue, for though Bredon Castle was inhabited by a family of rank, there were no carriages about the gates—no gaiety and splendour, as in the day when it was the residence of Mr. and lady Amanda Fitzgerald. Saunders stood leaning against the gates for some moments, watching the lights from the distant windows, as they twinkled through the trees, when he fancied he heard the voice of Mr. Fitzgerald calling his dogs, and this might be, for Saunders had not been in bed the the night before—he had kept it up at a merry-making, and being of a plethoric habit, he most probably slept and dreamed, for he did not return home till it was near two o'clock in the morning; his clothes were soaked through with the rain; he looked wild, and talked still wilder, for he persisted that Mr. Dorrington and Mr. Fitzgerald walked arm-in-arm down the avenue, to the gate on which he was leaning, and looking sternly on him, command-

ed him to go to the clergyman of the parish, and tell him that it was Mr. Sydenham who had fired the shot that had killed his friend.—‘I never till now believed in spirits,’ said the man, ‘but it is certain they do walk, and I shall be haunted as long as I live, if I do not disclose the whole truth as I have been ordered.’ Before it was day, Saunders was seized with a fever—it settled on his brain, and from that hour he never recovered his senses; and it became the melancholy office of his wretched master to watch him day and night, so apprehensive was he of having the secret betrayed, that had for so many years remained undivulged.

“At this distressful period, I became an inmate of the house of my benefactor; I was his only companion and assistant in attending on Saunders, who augmented the misery of Mr. Sydenham, by asserting that the bleeding ghost of Mr. Dorrington was constantly beside him, and urging him to tell the truth, for he had not long to live, and that he was sure to go to perdition, if he died with a lie in his mouth: at last it became necessary to bind him down

in his bed, for when his limbs were at liberty, he raved and said he was going to Woodville Priory, to speak with Mrs. Dorrington, for her husband's ghost had ordered him to tell her. Mr. Fitzgerald did not shoot him. Four years this poor fellow, whose attachment to his master was the cause of all his sufferings, was bereaved of his senses; and at last, having been left a few minutes alone, he contrived to quit his bed, when it was supposed he was asleep, and put an end to his misery and life, by endeavouring to force himself through the casement of the apartment in which he was confined; the frame-work of the window being decayed, gave way, and he was precipitated with it into a paved court—his limbs were dreadfully shattered, but happily life was extinct.

“ This new affliction, for Mr. Sydenham had been partial to Saunders from his childhood, fell so heavily on his already-depressed spirit, that he never looked up afterwards. When I was absent, which frequently happened, as I had the entire management of his affairs, Mr. Sydenham was left to his own dismal thoughts and reflections, for

no one ever visited him ; his only surviving relations were settled in a distant part of the kingdom, and between himself and them there was little cordiality ; thus he was condemned to lead a solitary life ; his disturbed and distempered mind would not allow him to read, though he had a library well stocked with valuable books, in every department of literature ; he was a good draughtsman, but his nerves were so shattered, he could not hold a pencil ; he was unable to avail himself of any employment, to divert or at all meliorate the lonely wretchedness of his condition.

“ Mr. Sydenham’s constitution was not naturally strong, and his mental sufferings so undermined his health, that he at last became so weak, as to be compelled to take to his bed ; finding it impossible to endure the anguish of his mind, he sent for the clergyman poor Saunders in his ravings perpetually called for, and to him made a full disclosure of all I have related ; the reverend gentleman having, according to his sacred ministry, prayed with, and given Mr. Sydenham such religious comfort and consolation as his deeply-wounded spirit stood in

need of, he advised the evidently-dying penitent to send for and make his peace with Mrs. Dorrington and her son, while yet the power was allowed him. I will not attempt," said Barnaby, "to describe the effect his confession had on them; Mrs. Dorrington's horror, grief, and penitence, for having caused you, Mr. Fitzgerald, to be prosecuted for the murder of her husband, baffles all power of mine to give you an idea of; her commiseration for your sufferings, and the still more unhappy, because guilty Sydenham, together with her contrition and sorrow for the error she had been led into, threw her on a bed of sickness; and while the recovery of this most amiable woman remained doubtful to her son and her numerous friends, among whom were the duke and duchess of Hazlegrove, Mr. Sydenham died—I dare not say lamented by any one, except myself, to whom he had ever proved the kindest of friends and most generous of benefactors: I grieve to say he was followed to his grave with hootings, hissings, and curses. Mr. Sydenham has made ample provision for me,

and my children after me," said Barnaby ; " his large estate in Worcestershire he has bequeathed to you, Mr. Fitzgerald, the only compensation he could make for the injury he did you."

" Which I will not accept," replied St. Albe. " Peace be with him ! from my soul I pardon the unhappy man ; his wealth, Mr. Barnaby, shall go to his relations ; it shall not enter my family ; I do not want it, and if I did, what compensation would his estate be, for having blighted my youth with infamy, driven me an exile from my country, and made me old with sorrow in the meridian of my days ; to Mr. Sydenham's relations I resign his estate ; his dying confession has restored me my unblemished name, by me more highly valued than his estate, even were every acre a thousand ; he has given happiness to my wife and children, those beloved ones who were involved in my disgrace ; this, Mr. Barnaby," continued St. Albe, " is the only compensation I will receive, for though it has been long withheld, it comes at last, to give my heart the peace I never hoped it would again possess ; it enables me to look up with pride,

and tell my Ada, she may, without a blush of shame, acknowledge herself the daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald. To you, Mr. Barnaby, I now offer a most cheerful and sincere welcome; you many years ago saved my life, when I considered it worthless—you have now restored me to honour and happiness, and rendered the life your humanity preserved valuable: welcome, most welcome, to the casa St. Albe; for be assured, your faithfully adhering to the man who was your true friend and benefactor, can never lessen you in my esteem, though his sin was great against me."

All now was congratulation and rejoicing: there was shaking of hands, embracing, and wishing of joy in the servants' hall: Janet declared she was almost out of her wits with joy, for her young lady would now certainly be married, and return to Ireland, and she should be happy once more among her old friends, to whom she should have much more wonderful things to relate than lady Stella Egerton's maid, for she never had been lost at sea, nor never had been half swallowed by a hungry wolf, no, nor carried

away by a huge tall brigand with red whiskers, who had pistols stuck in his belt, and a sabre flourishing about in his hand.

“Very true, Janet,” replied the major domo; “and she will have no reason to be ashamed to meet her friends, for she never ungratefully ran away with a rascally valet, from a kind generous mistress.”

Janet began to cry and sob.—“Well, if I did,” said she, “I was young and foolish then.”

“And now you are old and wise,” replied Phelim; “well, I am glad to hear it; come, dry your tears; we must have nothing now but rejoicing.”

And all the inmates of the casa St. Albe did rejoice; Mrs. Dorrington received the assurance of monsieur and madame St. Albe, that so far from blaming or resenting any part of her former conduct, it demanded and received their approbation and their praise; the baroness Wandesford forgot all her infirmities, and felt her health and spirits renewed, as she beheld the cheerful smiling faces round her; and while monsieur St. Albe and Mrs. Dorrington settled the time for uniting their families, by the

marriage of their children, she invoked the blessing of Heaven on the youthful pair, who, wandering to the grotto of the fairies, knelt together beside the fountain, and exchanged a vow of everlasting truth, and prayed that they might prove to each other a source of happiness; and strictly and faithfully perform the promise they were shortly to make at the altar, to love and cherish each other till death. Observing a faded garland of the forget-me-not lying on the edge of the fountain, Dorrington wrote with his pencil beneath it—

I cannot love with child, but deep in my heart

The image shall remain undying to the last;

I am the man! I have vowed I will not depart

Until we both forget to love, or long to sever.

My passion shall live, though years in youth,

Will never find decay, while I am true;

And yet, to pay vows, I must be true and true,

For those that pass to love, or be forgot!

As together we journey through life's rugged way,

May our thoughts, our designs, and our hopes still agree;

May I be our day-star, and shed its bright ray

On the vow that will never be broken by me!

Monsieur St. Albe having appointed the day on which he would bestow the hand of his daughter Amanda Fitzgerald on Lionel Dorrington, it was settled that lord and lady

Monheghan, and colonel and lady Indiana Lisimore, should proceed, after witnessing the marriage of their friends, on their intended tour; while the rest of the party, then doubly united by the endearing bonds of relationship and friendship, should return to England; and after remaining some time in Worcestershire, proceed to Ireland. Ronaldo, a favourite with all, clapped his hands with joy, delighted to think he was to go with his sister Ada to her country, which Janet had so often told him, was finer and pleasanter by half than Piedmont. St. Albe, placing his hand on his son's head, said—"But you must remember, this is your country; and that when you are a man, you must live on your own domain, that you may promote the interests, and listen to, and redress the grievances of your vassals."

"But shall I not go now with sister Ada?" asked Ronaldo; "I can come back again to Piedmont; dear papa, I do so wish to see that fine country, Ireland."

"Your wish shall be gratified; you shall see Ireland," replied St. Albe; "I too am anxious to visit again the land of my birth

—the home of my ancestors—my own bleak Ulster, though not a foot of land in the province now belongs to me ; yet you will find in Ulster, still loved, revered, and high in renown, the name that has descended to me from a noble race of heroes ; and I trust no blot will ever be found on the escutcheon of Gerald Fitzgerald, to the last hour of time. And, oh, my children and my friends, let the confession of the unhappy Sydenham teach you, that the man who harbours enmity in his bosom, nourishes a serpent to sting himself."

THE END.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

	s. d.
Montauban and the Monk Hilário, by George Fitz-George, Esq. 3 vols.	0 18 0
Tales of My Grandmother, new edition	0 5 0
The Ambassador's Secretary, by Jane Harvey, 4 vols... 1	2 0
Romance of the Forest, by Ann Radcliffe, new edition, 3 vols	0 15 0
Elizabeth Evanshaw, by the Author of Truth, 8vo. 3 vols.	1 4 0
Manfrone, or the One-handed Monk, by Mrs. Radcliffe, 3d edition, 4 vols.	1 0 0
Flores's National Romance, &c.	0 5 0
Ionian, or Woman in the Nineteenth Century, by Sarah Renou, 3 vols.	1 1 0
Uncle Peregrine's Heiress, by Ann of Swansea, 5 vols. 1	10 0
Legend of Moilena, a Tale	0 3 0
Fatal Vow, or St. Michael's Monastery, by Francis Lathom, 2d edition, 2 vols.	0 10 0
Irish Outlaws, a Romance, 3 vols.	1 4 0
Tower of Clanmalloch	0 7 0
Italian Vengeance and English Forbearance, by Selina Davenport, 3 vols.	0 16 6
Mariamne, or Maid of Palestine, 3 vols.	0 18 0
Contrast, by Regina Maria Roche, Author of the Children of the Abbey, &c. 3 vols.	1 1 0
Young John Bull, or Born abroad and Bred at home, by Francis Lathom, 3 vols.	0 18 0
Ulrica of Saxony, a romantic Tale of the Fifteenth Century, by Rosalia St. Clair, 3 vols.	0 16 6
Italian, or Confessional of the Black Penitents, by Mrs. Radcliffe, new edition, 4 vols.	1 0 0
The Spy, 4th edition, 3 vols.	0 18 0
Katherine, a Tale, 4 vols.	1 2 0
Tales of Old Mr. Jefferson of Gray's Inn, 3 vols	1 1 0
The Dwarf of Westerbourg, by Spietz, 2 vols.	0 14
Legends of Scotland (THIRD SERIES) containing Edward Falconer, by Ronald M'Chronicle, Esq. 3 vols. 0	16
Stanmore, or the Monk and the Merchant's Widow, by Sophia Reeve, 3 vols.	0 18

